

MATHEWS' INVITATIONS,

AND

Pates' Reminiscences;

OR

ETCHINGS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER,

AS PERFORMED AT THE LONDON THEATRES BY
THOSE INIMITABLE PERFORMERS.

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MATHEWS' INVITATIONS.



PART I.

“There are various reasons for giving invitations : some issue invitations to gratify their vanity ; some to display their wealth ; some to expose their folly ; and others, not to pay you a compliment, but to place you under a compliment to them. But of all invitations, give me a plain three-cornered card, that says, ‘Come, and enjoy a dinner with a particular friend.’

“Since I have named my particular friends, I dare say there are some of them here, and they have often enjoyed the opportunity of laughing at me ; so, in the absence of something new, I shall take the liberty of introducing to your notice a few of my old particulars, that you in turn may have an opportunity of laughing at them.

“Among the first I shall usher before you a Mr. and Mrs. Fingerfit. He was a retired sheriff’s officer, and his wife possessed all the high notions so familiarly adapted to her elevated situation. One day he received an invitation-card as he sat alone in his room, which ran thus :—‘The honour of your company is requested to dine.—R. S. V. P.’ Imagine Fingerfit putting his spectacles on, and perusing the card over and over again : ‘Honour—requested—dine—R. S. V. P. (*imitating Fingerfit.*) What can that mean ? I never met with such a thing before—R. S. V. P. I must call my wife.—Clotilda, my dear !—She, perhaps, may find out the riddle.—Mrs. Fingerfit !—Clotilda, my dear !—Mrs. Fingerfit, I say !—R. S. V. P. !—It is high German to me.—Mrs. Fingerfit !—Clotilda, my dear !—Mrs. Fingerfit !”

original speech 5 Sept 58 F. Mason

Mrs. Fingerfit. Did you call, dear ?

Mr. Fingerfit. I did.—Look at that card ; do you know the meaning of it, Clotilda, dear ?

Mrs. F. Yes, it's an invitation to dinner, love.

Fing. I know that ; but what can be the meaning of R. S. V. P., Clotilda, dear ?

Mrs. F. I don't think I can make it all out ; but I imagine I can make out the R. S.

Fing. Well, the R. S., that is half of it. What is R. S. ?

Mrs. F. Why, R. S. stands for Russel Square.

Fing. It can't be Russel Square, for the party don't live there.

Mrs. F. That's true. Suppose we ask John, our servant ; he was footman to the Lady Mayoress, and you may rest assured he knows all about it.

Fing. No, no, I don't like it ; it is very bad to expose ourselves to the servants ; so we had better put our heads together, and perhaps we may discover it.

Mrs. F. O ! patience, patience, my dear, will do wonders !

Fing. "Honour of your company requested to dinner—R. S. V. P." I was never so bothered before in all my life. Look at it again, my love ; look at it, Clotilda, dear.

Mrs. F. "Honour—to dinner—R. S. V. P." I've found it out—I've found it out !

Fing. What is it, chuck ?

Mrs. F. Why, it is remember six, very punctual.

There is a certain class of old ladies who pride themselves upon their early knowledge of you, who say they knew you before you sat in your mamma's lap, or before you got into your little trousers ; perhaps there are some here who know elderly ladies of that description. Yes ; now I am assured of it. I had a friend of that description myself, a Mrs. W. Worrit,—nay, she was an attached friend, and always met me with an invitation (*imitating Mrs. Worrit*),—"Ah, my dear Mr. Mathews, I have known you a long time ; you were a beautiful infant. Why don't you

come and dine with me? I went with you the first time you had your hair cut; why don't you come and dine? I knew you before you went to school,—you should come and dine; I am your friend,—I was always attached to you, I shall always be attached to you,—but will you come and dine?" This lady, who was determined not only to continue her attachment, but to patronise me under any circumstances, was so pressing in her invitations, that at length I determined not to resist them, and absolutely made up my mind to dine with her. I went, according to appointment, where I found my attached friend, Mrs. Worrit, and a formal party. I was introduced (*imitation.*)—"Mr. Mathews: I have known him ever since he was a child, but he never would come and dine. I have known every action of his life, but he would'nt come and dine." When dinner was served up, at every slice she carved, her exclamations were—"How much he's altered since he was a boy!—you must come and dine again!—I went with him when he was innoculated for the small pox,—you must come and dine again!" When the cloth was removed, I sat for a considerable time, and was amused with Mrs. Worrit's observations respecting my little foibles, tricks, and infantine eccentricities, till at length I saw a little dumb-show between the amiable Mrs. W. and her friends, something like this:—

<p>(<i>Imitating.</i>) Mrs. W., you (<i>nudg-</i> <i>ing her friends.</i>) Friends. No; You (<i>nudging</i> Mrs. W.) Mrs. W. No; I say you. Friends. I can't, pon honour!</p>	}	<p><i>Imitating</i> <i>their anxiety</i> <i>to ask a par-</i> <i>ticular fa-</i> <i>vour.</i></p>
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At which, Mrs. Worrit's grand-daughter, an inquisitive little girl, who appeared to know for what purpose I was invited, came up to me with the corner of her frock in her mouth, and said,—“Mr. Mathews, grand-mamma's compliments, and she wants you to make yourself funny.” This was what I term a verbal invitation; but there are various ways of de-

livering such matters, and I have received them from the city ticket-porter, the upright running footman, with a stick as long as the monument, and a three-cornered cocked hat, like a turnstile, that you can push from one side to the other, to that mart for all invitations, the Two-penny Post, which supplies this great metropolis and its suburbs with subjects from every hand.

SONG.—TWO-PENNY POST.

AIR—“*When I was a Yonker and lived with my Dad.*”

In the two-penny post you each object may view ;
It's the mart for love, honour, and business, too :
With greetings you're cheer'd and with compliments fed,

A man can tell scarcely what to do.

There is dine,

Wine,

Desert, with claret,—

And hock ;

With five—strive,

Don't you be later

By clock.

They'll hustle

And bustle,

The folks in a host,—

The rattling

Prattling

Two-penny post.

There are some they invite you to come to tea ;
Some to take a dance,—some to join in a glee ;
Some writing to borrow, and others to lend,—
And a foe very often will write as a friend.

With cant,

Rant,

Cheating,

Beating—

The fools,

And making the letters convenient tools ;

They hustle
 And bustle,
 The folks in a host,—
 The rattling
 Prattling,
 Two-penny post.

Some write to friends that—they'll mend their lives ;
 Then some write for husbands and some write
 for wives ;

Some of children just born, and of old folks just dead ;
 And when all are issued—they're done, 'tis said.

With pray,
 Pay
 Two-pence,
 Three-pence,
 Or more,

I've brought many letters to you before,

They hustle,
 And bustle,
 The folks in a host,
 This rattling
 Prattling
 Two-penny post.

Now I have been supplied with all my invitations for a week (*pulling out cards.*) Here are cards for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday ; but Monday being the first day, I shall begin there.

Has any person here ever risen from a bed on a Monday morning with a ghost of a tune in his head. I have,—something of this sort (*hums chorus from Der Freischutz.*) Having received an invitation to breakfast with my friend Mr. Shakely, I prepared to shave myself, with *ri tol lol, &c.* (*hums tune.*) I've cut myself—*ri tol, &c.* (*hums tune.*) Pull out my handkerchief to stop the bleeding, with *ri tol, &c.* (*humming.*) Got dressed and left my home for that of my friend ; when I got to the door, I knocked (*knocking,*) *ri tol, &c. &c.* (*humming tune.*) Now,

it may be necessary to remark, that my friend Shake-ly, a complete valetudinarian, had a servant he called Master Peter, but I called Peter Master. This was a singular character, one who never answered a single question you put to him in a direct manner.—But the door is now open, so I will introduce myself to Master Peter, and you to Peter Master.

Mr. Mathews. How do you do this morning, Peter?

Pet. You are looking charmingly, Mr. Mathews.

Mr. M. Is Mr. Shakely at home?

Pet. He's been dying to see you, sir.

Mr. M. Is Mr. Shakely at home?

Pet. He'll be quite happy to see you.

Mr. M. Is he up yet?

Pet. Up,—yes; he's upstairs abed.

I was ushered into the house, and found every inch of the floor carpeted, the crevices of the doors made air proof, and there was not a window in it that looked as if it was ever intended to be opened again. At length Mr. Shakely made his appearance, and without noticing me, said,—“Peter, there's a draught comes from that door.”

Pet. Here's Mr. Mathews come to see you.

Shake. I hope you are well, Mr. Mathews. There's a draught from that door, Peter.

Pet. Dont'ee be foolish—I tell'ee there's no draught.

Shake. I must be shaved, Peter. Now, mind what your'e doing with that razor; you make me quite nervous.

Pet. Be still, or I won't lather thee.

Shake. You come so close you make me quite feverish.

Pet. Be quiet, I tell'ee, or I won't shave'ee

Shake. That Peter will be impertinent by and by.

It appeared, indeed, that Peter had every thing his own way, which may be clearly exemplified by the following short conversation. Shakely commences—

Shake. Mr. Mathews, I had such a horrid dream

last night. I dreamt that the whole house fell down, and the gable end precipitated itself across my chest.

Pet. That all comes o' your eating hot suppers.

Shake. After which a chimney-pot fell, and alighted right on the bridge of my nose.

Pet. That's all owing to eating toasted cheese.

(*A knock.*)

Shake. There's a knocking at the door. Peter, go and see who it is.

Pet. There's no hurry—they've only knocked once.

Thus we got rid of Master Peter for a short time, and Mr. Shakely informed me, he expected his friend, Sir Benjamin Blancmange, whose visits were of a condoling nature. In short, one was a valetudinarian as well as the other, and they generally met for mutual consolation, and to canvass over their various complaints. Sir Benjamin appeared, and they no sooner met than they attacked each other thus:—

Shake. Sir Benjamin Blancmange—Mr. Mathews—I'm glad to see you look so well this morning.

Sir B. I never was worse in all my life! How is your appetite?

Shake. Very poor---I didn't eat an ounce last night.

Sir B. I didn't eat half an ounce. I've had an attack of the rheumatism.

Shake. So have I, in my arm.

Sir B. I've had it in both arms.

Shake. I couldn't rest last night---I had such a horrid dream.

Sir B. I could'nt sleep at all, I had so many horrid dreams.

Shake. I've been obliged to have a doctor.

Sir B. I was compelled to have two.

Shake. I lost a pint of blood.

Sir B. I was obliged to lose two.

Shake. I've had a terrible pain in my head.

Sir B. I've had terrible pains all over me.

Shake. I can't hold out another year.

Sir B. I can't hold out for a month.

Thus, after listening to my entertaining friends, till they had completely compared notes, I was agreeably surprised by the introduction of breakfast, when my poor weak host, Mr. Shakely, exclaimed---Peter, I'm very nervous this morning---nay, so nervous that I have dropped my snuff-box into the tea-pot. I don't know whether either of you gentlemen like snuff in your tea.

I next remembered an invitation I had to join Lady Dawdle in a pic-nic party to Norwood. Now I had heard of political pic-nics and theatrical pic-nics, but never of such pic-nickry as her ladyship's before ; so I resolved, for the novelty of the thing, to accompany her ladyship ; and as she told me, with her own dear delicate lips, that there would be quadrilles afterwards at her own house, I consulted *The Cook's Oracle*, where I found a recipe for concocting a rout, which is briefly thus :—Take a tolerable-sized room with a slow fire ; put in several males and females—season them with a little wit, but, as that is scarce a few jokes at any body's expense ; stir them up with a couple of violins, a clarionet, flute, and harp, and let them intermix indiscriminately with each other ; then introduce your wine, and when you find the whole sufficiently warm, the scene will clear off itself. So, to finish my Monday's excursion, I'll give a description of the pic-nic and quadrilles.

SONG.—GIPSYING EXCURSION AND QUADRILLES.

AIR—“ *Let us all be unhappy together.*”

Our party for Norwood is ready,
And each, as the moment approaches,
Advances uncommonly steady,
To fill up the sides of the coaches.

With jest, smile, and laughter so gay,
The ladies all smile at the weather,
For mirth seems the whim of the day,
And we all must be merry together.

(Spoken) "So we are going to Norwood."—*Doleful*) "Yes; and I would we were there. Where shall we put our bags?"—"There, at the back of the carriage." (*Doleful*) "I never leave my provisions, so wherever I sit they must sit too."—"Have you any idea of a pic-nic, madam?"—(*Lady with stoppage in her nose*) "No, sir, I have no notion."—"It's a fine day, miss."—"Very."—"Pleasant ride."—"Very."—"Hot sun."—"Very."—"It's likely we shall have rain."—"Very."—(*A Dashing Gentleman*) "Talking of rain, I like a little rain where there are ladies in company—I like fun. Ha! the coachman nearly drove over a pig—I wish he had—I like fun. Pray what is that lady doing?"—(*Lady with stoppage in nose*) "That lady is *lothing*."—"Lothing? I don't comprehend."—(*Lady*) "You don't—why she is *lothing*."—"Pray, sir, can you *knot*?"—"Sir, I can-not."—(*Mr. Doleful*) "What's the matter with you? you seem uncomfortable."—"I don't know how I should feel otherwise, for I've been sitting upon the knives and forks for the last half hour, and here are five or six of them sticking against me in the most pointed manner. If you call this gipsying, I was never more cut up—and the knives and forks have had a proper pic-nic at me."—(*Gent.*) "That's right, *Doleful*! Let them remain, for I like fun." So

With jest, tale, and laughter so gay,
 The ladies all smile at the weather,
 For mirth seems the whim of the day,
 And we all must be merry together.

But now we're approaching the ground,
 Nor dreaming of troubles or crosses,
 Where we hope all the treat will be found,
 For in pleasure we think not of losses.
 Poor *Doleful* sits still as a gun,
 And scorns ev'ry thought to be merry;
 One's a *lotion*, the other's for fun,
 And Miss for each answer says "very."

(Imitating bursting of spruce beer and soda-water

bottles.) "Why bless me, all the spruce beer and soda water has gone off."—"Aye, I suppose the knives and forks have been drawing the corks." *Doleful.* "How very cold my feet are!" "I'm not astonished at that, for the ice has been melting in the bottom of the carriage ever since I noticed how hot the sun was."—*Lady Dawdle.* "Well, nevel mild, we are now on the spolt; but I hope, sir, you hav'nt forgolt the wile (wine.)"—"O no; I told my man to be very particular in putting it up."—"Now, now we have arrived, where is the marquee?" "Well now, that's very strange; I quite forgot to bring it."—"But I've not forgot the corkscrew; here it is."—"Now, now for the wine."—"Why, bless my soul! my man has forgot to send the wine."—*Doleful.* "I never forget any thing: I've got my provisions!"—"Ha! see there! Pompey has run away with her ladyship's tongue!"—*Doleful!* "I defy Pompey to run away with any thing of mine." *Gentleman.* I wish I could steal Doleful's round of beef. See! see! Pompey has got it; hah! he runs down hill with it. See! they are rolling one after the other into the water!"—At length, for the want of a marquee, our funny friend proposed that four gentlemen should hold the ends of a shawl over the heads of the party, and thus enjoy our rural repast; when sitting down, we found that every gentleman had brought a joint of mutton, and I urged the necessity of every man devouring his own leg.

With jest, tale, and laughter so gay, &c.

Once more we're assembled in town,
 Where mirth still has sanction to dash on;
 There are carriages now setting down,
 To put forth the pinks of the fashion.
 With officers clearing the way,
 Footmen leading, my lady's room filling,
 The night seems much brighter than day,
 As we gayly commence our quadrilling.

(Spoken) "What quadrille?"—"Caledonians." 

"Why, what tall gentleman is that, that throws his leg across the room in that pompous manner!"—
 "Oh! that's Mr. Limber; he's a very tall man."—
 "If you expect many more like him, we had better have the Lancers."—"Has that gentleman come to foot it to-night?"—"No, he's come to leg it."—
 "Leg it! bless me, what do you mean by that?"—
 "Why, he's got a cork leg,"—"Dear me, how does he undo it?"—"Why, with a corkscrew."—"What does your ladyship think of the quadrilles?"—"Oh, they are vely nilce."—"Ah, Mr. Fashionist, you are just in time."—"Pon honour, I'm afraid I shall put out the dance, for I've brought two left-handed gloves."—"O, then, do dance, sir, for I like fun!"—"But, sir, consider my gloves."—"Why, certainly they would look odd; but kid is scarce since it became so fashionable among gentlemen."

With jest, tale, and laughter so gay,
 The ladies all smile at the weather,
 For mirth seemed the whim of the day,
 And we all have been merry together.

On Tuesday, I received an invitation to dine with Sir Donald Scrupleton, where I was introduced to Sir Harry Skelter and Mr. Popper, a nephew of my old friend Major Longbow. Sir Donald was a man who never had an opinion of his own; Mr. Popper appeared a regular-bred sportsman; and Sir Harry Skelter seemed to entertain the most contemptible ideas of every thing in the world; which may be exemplified by the recital of a dialogue between the parties:---

Sir D. Sir Harry, you have travelled a great deal, and must have seen some wonderful things in your time.

Sir H. No; I was very much disappointed: every body says so much of every thing.

Sir D. Did you see any thing curious in America?

Sir H. There I was disappointed; people talk of America,---I saw nothing there. Certainly there

were white people and black people, nothing else: but every body says so much of every thing. You've been in America, Mr. Mathews?

Mr. M. I have, sir. What do you think of the Niagara?

Sir H. I was quite disappointed; there was so much noise, I couldn't see any thing: but I don't know how it is every body says so much of every thing.

Sir D. You have been in Italy, too. Did you go to Rome?

Sir H. Yes, but I was quite disappointed; they've got their Saint Peter's, to be sure, but it's nothing like Saint Paul's; but every body says so much about every thing.

Mr. M. That reminds me of a curious fact: an English gentleman ordered his coachman to drive to Vesuvius when its top was in a blaze; but no sooner had he arrived there than he put his head out of the carriage window, looked with much indifference on the scene before him, exclaimed, snapping his fingers, "humbug," and ordered his coachman to drive back again. Did you ever see the pope, Sir Harry?

Sir H. Yes, but was quite disappointed; he was quite as old, but not so fat, as Pope the actor: but every body says so much of every thing.

I had been observing for some time, that my friend Popper could'nt get in a word edgeways; so modestly asked him, if he could favour us with a sporting anecdote?

"O yes," says Popper, with avidity. "I had a stanch pointer once; I went out shooting to Ball's Bush; you know Ball's Bush, I suppose; but never mind if you don't,---that's of little consequence; well, I brought a bird down, and, in going to secure it, I missed, my way, and lost my Popsey. I couldn't find her by any means, and at last gave up the idea altogether; when going to the spot on the 27th of February the year following, I saw the skeleton of a partridge lying on the ground, and not very far from

it, my faithful Popsey, likewise a skeleton, in the very act of pointing."

Sir D. O, that's too much.

Popper. It's a fact; it was on the 27th of February.

Sir H. That's the way; every body says so much of every thing. I've read Captain Cook's Voyages and Travels; so I was obliged to go and see every thing he had seen, but I was quite disappointed. I read Captain Parry's account of his voyage to the North Pole, so I was obliged to go to the North Pole, but I was quite disappointed; I thought we should all been have frozen to death, but we were not: then I thought, at least, that the frost would have bitten our noses off, but none of us lost our noses; I was quite disappointed; but every body says so much of every thing. There's nothing wonderful on the face of the earth.

"I beg pardon," says Popper, "but I'll tell you of something wonderful. I had a greyhound; the greyhound was a lady, and, was as all ladies wish to be who love their lords. We were out together, when I saw a hare. I gave the view hollo,—away she went, and I never knew that the lady hare was similarly situated to the lady greyhound, and, when I got up to them, they were about one hundred yards distant from each other, and both had an equal number of young ones. I gave another view hollo, off they went, the greyhound ran down the hare, and every pup did the same by the young ones."

Sir Donald did not know how to credit this story: but Popper assured him it was a fact, and pulled out his pocket-book, to give him the time, place, and date.

I next was invited to the Kings Theatre, Italian Opera, and, although I prefer native talent to any other, I certainly must confess, that I go there more for the sake of viewing that fashion and beauty which is so frequently concentrated to keep trade in countenance, and stimulate others to follow their exam-

ple. At the same time, I am not blind to their follies, and sometimes enjoy a hearty laugh at them; but I will explain the whole in a song:---

SONG.---VISIT TO THE ITALIAN OPERA.

AIR---*Manager Strut.*

Off to the opera now we go,
To see all the dancing and singing and show;
And servants dress'd so gay
Are lounging time away:
See, see the throng approaches,
All dress'd and painted too.
See how they stray, to pass the time away.
With smiles, lord, they look so bewitching,
As out of chariots tumbling:
Some are for places grumbling.
I've ne'er been here before,
Where's box a hundred and sixty-four?

Sir, sir, go higher,---

You'll be higher,

By stairs many a score.

(*Spoken*) "So, this is the Italian Opera?---" "Yes, papa, and you mustn't wear your hat here either."---
"This way, sir, this way; half a guinea, if you please, sir."---"Half a guinea! (*searching his pockets.*) How unfortunate! Can you cash me a check on Hammersly for 500*l.*?"---"No sir; you must go on farther; I am not the check taker."---"Stand out of the way, sir, and let the company pass; I hope we are not all to be checked on account of your check."---
---"Holloa! my hearties, how much?"---"Five shillings to the gallery."---"O! I suppose you charges three shillings more, because this is the King's Theatre; well, I always loved old George, and I don't know any body that's more deserving of a crown."---
"Which is 164, sir?"---"Up stairs sir."---(*Imitates walking up stairs.*)---"164, I want."---"Up stairs, sir."---"Go on, my boy; I'll stand by you to the last." (*Old man clapping*) "Bravo! bravo!"---
(*Young Lady*) "La! pa, do be quiet---you must not

applaud here."---" I applaud wherever I please ; but, I say, when does the performance begin? I've heard nothing but singing yet.---(*Applauds again*) ---Is that him? Is that him?"---" Who?"---" Why, him."---" I don't know what you mean."---" I mean, is that him?"---" Yes, there he is---there he is!" (*applauding outrageously.*)---[*Here Mr. Mathews cases himself in a suit of chain armour, and gives a striking imitation of Veluti. When he has concluded,*]---" What is that?---What is that? (*taking his opera-glass*)---O ! *Veluti in speculum!*"

Bravo!---Bravissimo!---Encora!---Encora!

Oh! Bravo!---Bravissimo!---Encora!---Encora!

Now we are looking for some treat
That comes from their voices, or else from their feet,
And all admire the scene,
And all admire the scene,
See another now appears,
With soft and melting strains ;
They sing, O dear ! how very clear !
It is a Paradise for certain,
It is a Paradise for certain !
O ! the action ! They're adoring !
The action---they're adoring !
With quizzing-glasses out,
Now how they gaze about,
O hear, he's very fine !
Isn't she divine !

Encore!---Encore!---Encore!

[*Here Mr. Mathews gives imitations of other popular singers.*]

(*Spoken.*) " I say, what's the stage-manager's name?" " *Giovani.*"---" *Giovani!* Bless me, he had a great run about four years ago."---" What is the piece called to-night?"---" *The Lady of the Lake.*" ---" Who is it written by?"---" *Sir Walter Scott.*"---" Who composed the music?"---" *Handel.*"---" O, I believe he was very famous at water-pieces."---" Buy a book of the performances."---" What's the use? I

don't understand French."---"I want a bill---bring me a bill."---"They don't sell bills here, pa."---"O, never mind; I've got one in my pocket;---it's a large one the boy left at the shop this morning; it makes no matter being a little ragged, for I pulled it off the tenter-hooks before I left home."---"Who is that man that seems so attentive?"---"That's Townsend."---"Townsend! Well, I never thought to find Town's-end in the Haymarket."

Bravo!---Bravissimo! &c.

PART II.

In turning over my cards for the rest of the week, I found that Professor Archibald M'Rumbold was at the top of the list. Mr. M'Rumbold was a rigid Scotch disciplinarian, who turned the most trivial circumstances into matters of great weight, and whose eyes, at the slightest news or rumour, bespoke that, if possible, he would search into the mind of the relater with the most terrific curiosity. Well, I proceeded to this gentleman's house, and the door was opened by his attached servant, if I may be allowed the name, Mr. Robin Crankie, a gentleman from Northumberland, and who carried his native *bur* with the greatest facility on the tip of his tongue. He appeared to be a second fac-simile of the already-mentioned Master Peter in his manners. After a few moments' conversation with this person, I was introduced into the presence of the professor, who received me with all due solemnity, and placed me at his table with the greatest observance of etiquette I have ever experienced. I found one chair empty, and understood that its absent tenant was a Mr. M'Pherson, an inmate of the house, whose long stay seemed, by the professor, to be considered as a circumstance of the greatest consequence; for, putting one hand on the table, and throwing himself back in a majestic style, he thus addressed Mr. Robin: "Why, Robin, Robin, where can M'Pherson be? I never knew any thing so *surprising*; what can detain him?"

Robin. Cod, sir, he is in the *hoose* somewhere.

“Go and search for him, Robin! Go and search for him! I never knew any thing so *surprising*!” Robin obeyed his master, and thinking to keep up the conversation, I simply asked Mr. M'Rumbold this question,---Whether he had read in the newspapers an account of the execution of a Spanish nobleman of distinction? “No, sir!--(*imitating his wonder-struck countenance*)--No, sir! but tell me! tell me, Mr. Mathews, what was his name?”--“Really, sir, it quite escaped my memory to look.”--“Not know the name of a Spanish nobleman of distinction who was executed! Mr. Mathews, I'm greatly *surprised*, greatly *surprised*, sir, at you!”

Seeing this was a matter of importance, I soon christened the gentleman, and went on with my story; but was again interrupted by the professor, who inquired what his crime was? I spent a few moments longer in inventing *one*, and at length fixed upon *high treason*; this added additional weight to my tale, and asking Mr. Rumbold's permission, I again proceeded. “Well, sir, being found guilty, the don was escorted to the place of execution amidst multitudes of people, and the poor gentleman having arrived there”--“Mr. Mathews, Mr. Mathews! I wonder, sir, at your want of discernment, in calling a nobleman of Spain a poor gentleman! Sir, I am *surprised*--very much *surprised*.” Having got into another hobble, I found it rather hard to get out of it; but a dozen apologies did the business, and I again went on.--Well, sir, the Spanish nobleman regarded the executioner for a few moments, and then addressed him with great seriousness and sensibility, saying, if he did his business effectually, he would present him with three hundred piastres. The executioner informed him he should have no occasion to complain. The nobleman's head was placed on the block, and the fatal blow was struck; but, sad to relate, the nobleman slowly raised his head again, and gazed on the man with a look of agony.”

“Well, sir.”

“Well, sir.—‘Shake your head, my lord,’ exclaimed the executioner, ‘and you will find all right.’

“The nobleman did so, and the head dropped off of his shoulders!”

How was I surprised, after relating this story, to hear the professor inquire,—whether the man received the three hundred piastres? I remained with Mr. M'Rumbold till it was rather late, and found myself traversing the streets of London at five o'clock on a fine morning; but, as there are many of the audience who have never been up at that early hour, I shall put my observations into the shape of a song, and strive to satisfy their curiosity upon the subject.

SONG.—LONDON AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN
THE MORNING.

AIR—*Popular Country Dance.*

Now's the time—bang up prime;
Teach me how to sing in rhyme,
London city, all so gay, early in the Morning;
Gard'ners roam, quite at home,
Into Convent Garden, come
Sago, see,--coffee--tea--every street adorning.

“Clo! Clo! Clo!” (*Jew clothesman.*)--“I say, Moses, have you come from the Old Bailey?” (*boy*)
--“Why so?”--“Because I thought you might be getting something there.”--“Well, suppose I did, do you think your peoples are to keep all the gallows to themselves?”--“Hare-skin! Rabbit-skin! Cook, have you any hare-skin?”--No; my mistress cuts them all up to make comforters for the children.”--
“Coach! Coach!” (*in a hoarse voice.*)--“I'm hired.”
--“I say you are not.”--“I says I am.”--“But I say you are not.”--“Why, how d'ye know?”--“I know you are not, you scoundrel!”--“You're very handy at your good names, howdsomever, but look inside if you don't believe,--there! There's a gentleman laying on both seats asleep; he's engaged me for the whole day--he's going to the Royalty Theatre, in”

Wellclose Square, this evening, and is determined to be there in time."--"What's o'clock, watchman?"--"I can't tell; I'm off my beat."--"You deserve to be beat for the answer."--"Hollo! Who have you here? This gentleman seems to have business on both sides of the way." (*reeling.*)

Drunken Gentleman. "Hallo! coach, I say."--"I'm hired."--"Yes; and I'm tired, so we shall suit very well together."--"Do you want ere a basket-woman, your honour?"--"No, sir; much obliged to you---no, sir."--"Och, be after using me your honour."--"No, sir; much obliged to you---no, sir."--"And does your honour mistake the *sexes* sure; and an't I a woman, now, only by my coat and hat you are after taking me for one of yourselves; but if your honour will only step into my basket, I'll trip home with you as safe as a bunch of turnips, and much cheaper into the bargain."

For now's the time, &c.

Every maid begins to sing,
Mops they trundle—clothes they ring,
Turning Morpheus from their eyes.
Spirits play in glasses,
Catts and horses form a throng,
Going merrily along,
Cracking many a joke or song---
Tune it gayly passess.

(*Spoken.*) "Ha! why it's Jack! our friend Jack. How d'ye do--you rise early."--"No; I've been up *late.*"--"Why, where's your cabriolet?"--"Oh! it's gone--gone, my dear fellow: played with a friend--lost all the cash---two to one on the cab, says he---done, says I; away went the dice, and I lost my man,--but that's nothing. Owe him two year's wages---rather a troublesome article. So away went my cabriolet and friend together, and here am I.--'Sweep! sweep!' how I pity those creatures, who are obliged to plod through the dirty paths of life to keep us clean."--"Aye, a friend of mine has invented a plan to do away with climbing boys."--"How is that,

pray?"--"He means to substitute climbing girls."--
 "Indeed!"--"Sir, I am surprised at your introducing
 such a subject at this time of the morning.--'Sweep,
 sweep!'--Here, my little fellow; here's sixpence for
 you."--"Thank'ee, sir!"--"Come Bill, make a bow
 to the gentleman.---(*The master in a whisper to the
 boy*) I say, Bill, von't you be arter treating your
 master to a dram?---(*Aloud.*) I always takes care of
 the boy's money, your honour."

For now's the time, &c.

Milk begins to walk around,
 Cherries ripe and round and sound,
 Barrow-women plod the ground,
 Bullocks, sheep, to Smithfied creep,
 Onward at their leisure;
 Half the town is fast asleep,
 Except where here and there a sweep
 Calls 'em from the pleasure.

(*Spoken.*) "Mackrel! ah, mackreal!"—What a
 number of derivations that word has in London, to
 be sure! now only listen:---"Ah, meckral! eh,
 mackreal! oh, mackerall! ah, mackera!" (*Imita-
 ting the various voices.*) "Gooseberries, ripe goose-
 berries!"---"Why, what notes do you call them"---
 "I should consider them as *Barrow* notes."---"Milk
 below! milk above! me oh! me oh!" Why, what
 can that man mean by me oh! Surely there's no
 English for me oh!"---"No; but it's good French;
 for all that mi oh! means *half water.*"---I say, why
 don't you move your cart there?"---"What's that to
 you"---"Vhy, it is to me! I'se been standing here
 for the last half hour; so, why don't you move on
 your horse, and let me get over the way?"---"If you
 wish to get over the way, you must get under my
 horse's belly." "Vell, you're a gentleman, full
 weight, I don't think."---"Hollo, coachee, are you
 hired?"---(*Coachman yawns.*) "Yes; I've been wait-
 ing for a gentleman all night. Oh, here he is. Here
 I am, your honour."---"Well, what of that?"---"I
 drove your honour here last night; my fare was

eighteen-pence"--"Oh, true, true; and I'll pay you."
 --"Yes, sir; but now I've been waiting all night, my
 fare's seven-and-twenty shillings and nine-pence."

But now's the time, &c.

We arrived at our friend's and were ushered into a room where all the minor part of the family were assembled, and in the arms of an ugly black woman was placed a handsome white child. This amiable lady was the nurse. "Very fine children," exclaimed Mr. John Rally, "sweet little creatures!" Mrs. White, for so was her black ladyship named, showed her teeth, and began dandling the child, and exciting his mellifluous voice to the tune of "High diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle," &c.---"Very pretty air," cried my friend; "I must get you to teach it to me, Mrs. White."

"Ees, massa; but me know anodder, vere much betterer den dat."

And she began—

"Let's have it," exclaimed he.

Dimity dimity dot,

The mouse jumpt out ob de pot, &c.

This and a curious game played on the child's fingers, entitled "Dis Pig went to Market," &c. made up our entertainment, and it was broken in upon by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Dilberry herself, who invited us after a long harangue on the merits of her little brood, into the presence of her husband; declaring that Mr. Dilberry was his own butler, and we should most assuredly find him in the cellar. We journeyed thither, and discovered him in the act of uncorking a bottle of claret. His face resembled a scarlet pincushion, and he received us something after this manner. (*Imitating Dilberry.*) "How d'ye do, Mr. Mathews? (*Drawing the cork.*) Confound the bottle. Real 1812, Mathews, fine vintage! (*Drawing the cork.*) Hope to see you well, Mr. Rally. I'll have your neck off, but I'll conquer you."--At length he succeeded, and we soon found ourselves at the dinner-table, but what was my surprise to see eight small knives and forks placed around it, and after a

short notice, the little large family were again introduced. First I heard a rattling of feet on the stairs, something after this style; and, in a discordant noise of laughing and crying, this *well-regulated* little company entered the room, Master George bellowing in a key above any note I ever heard.

"Hush! Hush!" cried his little sister, "don't you see there's company?"

"Here's Mr. Mathew's, my dear," exclaimed his mamma.

"I don't care for Mr. Mathews--that I don't! Emma shoved me down stairs."

"No, I did'nt, mamma! he fell over Shummy."

The storm being a little appeased, Mrs. Dilberry suddenly recollected that the children had not made their congees, and a full half hour was taken up in admiring their different graces. This being concluded, we at length sat down to dinner, and Mrs. Dilberry offered her civilities to me, which I thought would be far better honoured in the breach than the observance. "Really, Mr. Mathews, I am sorry to trouble you, but will you take upon you to carve the leg of mutton. I always like the little dears to be served first. No fat for George, if you please, sir. A small piece of underdone for Emma, and a large piece of well done for William. Thank you, sir."

"La, mamma, Shummy hasn't made his bow yet."

Another stoppage for Mr. Shummy. Then Miss Eliza dropped her meat on the floor; Shummy run away with William's bone, and I had to help Miss Polly on her seat. Many looks were exchanged between Rally and myself; but dinner concluded, and Mr. Dilberry having great science in music, and understanding a variety of keys, unscrewed his mouth from its usual position, and informed us, that he had always a great labour in finding out a key adapted to his voice, but having taken a great fancy to a new air he had heard in the street, he would, if we pleased, favour us with a

SONG.—BUNCH OF KEYS.

AIR--“*The Legacy.*”

A lover, one night serenaded his mistress,
 And wish'd very much the fair lady to see,
 But some how or other his mind was in distress,
 For she was locked up, and he hadn't the key.

She sung and he sung, but his lot it ne'er hast'ned,
 For Cupid resolved his blind foe just to be ;
 The girl didn't hear him, the door remained fast'ned,
 And he was quite mad to be out of the key.

His note it soon fell, and his heart was despairing ;
 He swore he would die, and he'd then be laid low ;
 But his strain at that moment the fair lady hearing,
 From out at the window a key she did throw.

His voice rose on high, as he snatched at the treasure,
 And he was delighted,—yes, very like me,
 For, resembling the horn—I say it with pleasure,
 My voice it has pitch'd, and I've found out the key.

After thanking Mr. Dilberry, his eldest daughter was led to the piano, and regaled our ears for half an hour with a brilliant sonata, something after this style ; (*he plays one of the first lessons in a most curious manner*)---and this was succeeded by Master P. Dilberry's excellent performance of the bacchanalian song from *Der Frieschutz*, accompanied by the praises of his mamma. (*Here Mr. Mathews retires behind a curtain, and the stuffed body of Master P. appears. Mr. Mathews gives the figure a head, and action to the body, during the performance of "ROSY WINE."*)

On Friday I was invited to a “*rouge et noir*” table at one of the fashionable gambling-houses, called Hells, at the west end of the town ; and, though I abhor the system, still curiosity impelled me to go, and I accepted the invitation. What a medley did it contain : within its petty space there was exhibited, at one view, the glance of exultation and the frown of disap-

pointment. Many a heavy heart beat under a gilded uniform, and many a smile mocked the tears ready to intrude from the sunken eyelids of despair.

I remember one instance in particular; 'twas that of a young man from the North, named Harry Ardourly, born to a good estate, and possessed of all the attributes of an Englishman. Fortune led him, by some unaccountable freak to quit the bosom of his family, and seek the air of London. I met him at this gambling-house; he sat down, his bosom expanding with hilarity, and his heart opened to enjoyment by the sweets of independence. His Yorkshire accent was a gilded bit to lure the unoffending victim to his ruin. Game after game was won by the unsuspecting youth. I never saw him look handsomer. The elegant wines had even given his complexion a ruddier glow, and he sat in the plenitude of his good fortune, snatching up the sovereigns as dross merely offered for his pleasure. Bets were taken and given, still he won. (*Here Mr. Mathews gives an imitation of Harry at the gaming-table, giving, taking, winning, and then he bursts out into a view hallo! The party try to quiet him, and remind him of the police. He don't mind the police—he's ready with another five hundred or a thousand.*)

At length, Harry Ardourly wins seventeen hundred pounds, and in the same boisterous strain of ecstasy leaves the place, overjoyed at his success, to seek his pillow, and dream of honour, wealth, and power.

I am sorry to change the scene; still the truth must appear. I met our young Yorkshireman once more; but good heavens! how altered! his cheeks were pallid, his form was withered, and his accent was all I could recognise of the once happy, genuine, and good-hearted Harry Ardourly. Surprised, I modestly asked the cause of this sad reverse, when he simply answered me thus:---

Ah! Mr. Mathews, that night—that fatal night you met me at the gaming-house has stamped me as a villain, and I live—I live a memento of what I was!

O! sir, this perturbed conscience can never meet with rest except within the grave!

Mr. M. But your estates——

Ard. My estates are gone—all gone to pay what they termed my debts of honour! But tell me, tell me, Mr. Mathews, can it be honour to drive an aged mother into grief and beggary?—Can it be honour to deprive two darling sisters of their fortune, and rob them of happiness for ever? Mr. Mathews, I am miserable; and this breaking heart is all I can offer to atone for my villany and their unjust distress!

I bade him farewell, feeling as every man should, a detestation for the authors of his ruin. My heart bled for his sufferings; indeed---indeed I pitied him.

The last time I saw him was in a receptacle for lunatics. His sufferings had driven him mad: the glance of a maniac shot from his eye, and his poor disfigured body showed the misery that was ravaging within. He raved, gnashed his teeth, and exclaimed, as on the fatal night that first began his woes, 'Yes, yes, I take thee---two hundred on the red. Ha! Ha! —ye change them! 'Tis mine!---'tis mine! But stop, my mother beckons!---my poor mother beckons! I come---I come! Do not die, mother! Sisters, dear sisters! we must be rich. No no,---see, all is swept away, and I am left a beggar! Ha! ha! ha!---' (*Laying his head upon the table, weeping, and drying the tears with his pocket-handkerchief.*)

If I have deviated from my common line for a few minutes, and have succeeded in drawing a sigh from the bosom of sympathy, my hopes are repaid; and I trust that few, very few, youths of the present day may prove as unfortunate as poor Harry Ardourly.

After this, according to invitation, I made one in a party to visit the entertaining scene of supporting candidates under the ordeal of becoming Members of Parliament. One of our poets says, that the time of an election is madman's holyday; and I cannot better explain it than by introducing you to the clamour and small talk of an election.

SONG.—GENERAL ELECTION.

AIR---' *The Downfall of Paris.*'

Now's the time for fun and jollity,

Flaming speeches and frivolity ;

Great and small,

They one and all

Are to the hustings straying.

There's our man—give him a cheering ;

That's his friend—give him a hearing !

Come, make a fuss,—

Why, he's for us.

Don't be noisy in the middle there ;

Silence, that man that's got the fiddle there !

Pray be quiet,

No more riot,—

Have done, have done huzzaing.

(Spoken.) 'Here's a bill! here's a bill!'—'What's the title of it?'—'Blood and beef.'—'Why, what's the meaning of that?'—'I don't know, but it's a good title.'—'Look here, gentlemen, look here: blood and beef—no Larkins!—Humdrum for ever!' (*Man with a cracked voice.*) 'Read it, if your'e able.'—'Liberty and independence!'—'Order, gentlemen, and hear this bill.—(*Elector reads.*) Who would keep the poor in the workhouse on no more than a shilling a day? Larkins! Who monopolizes all the table-beer? Larkins! Who shuts up his cellar-doors that nobody may go there but himself? Larkins!'—'No Larkins!'—'Mr. High Bailiff, there's a dead cat thrown upon the hustings.'—'Pray, sir, what must we consider that?'—'A poll cat, sir.'—'Here's a new bill—where's the printer?'—'He's gone to press for votes.'—'Where's his boy?'—'I saw the devil upon the hustings not a moment since.'—'Where the devil has he gone?'—'He's gone to see that nobody picks his master's pocket.'—'How shall we have this bill printed—No small beer?'—'On pot.'—'No; foolscap won't be wasted on our cause. Suppose we have some red lines round it?'—'Why so?'—'To show that we keep every thing within compass.'—'Now let's have a show

of hands.'—(*Voices.*) 'A show of hands! a show of hands!'—'There, there's a show of hands! Did you ever see such a show of hands?'—'I never saw such a show of dirty hands.'—'Larkins must stand. Yes, yes, we like Larkins.'—'No Larkins! Humdrum for ever! Huzza!'

Thus their noise and clamour hearing,
 One condemns, another cheering;
 One would shout
 The other out,—
 O! the joys of electioneering!
 Now electors fast are coming here,—
 Some are fising, others drumming here;
 Ribands shaking,
 Speeches making,
 Folks stamp themselves notorious.
 Now the hustings has a bumper;
 See, they're bringing many a plumper.
 I'm bang up tight,
 Each tax is right;
 Don't you wish that your's were settled so?
 Silence, sir, I ne'er was nettled so;
 You'd some friend
 His aid to lend,
 That makes you so uproarious.

(*Spoken---*(*Child*) "If you please, sir, my father says he'd come to vote for Mr. Larkin's; but he's got no hat."---"No hat! What shall we do?---can any body lend him one."---"Here, my little boy, take my hat."---"Thank'ee sir."---(*Gentleman*) "Mr. Larkins, I saw that hat; there's something in it I don't like; but I shall notice it at a proper time, and in a proper place."---(*Irish Barrister Botherem appears*)---"Silence for Botherem! he knows how to speak! Silence for Botherem!"---"Gentlemen, I gaze upon you as the children of re-animated nature, breathing the divine breezes of the odoriferous heavens that surround the constellations! Ye are not like the cold-blooded regicides that overran revolutionary

and revolutionized France, with the region-like blasts of tempestuous whirlwinds, nor the fire-engendered war-brands that threw the snows of Russia into a thaw, and levelled Moscow in the imperceptible ruin that must amalgamate the wonder-stricken senses of admiring nations, from Constantinople to the Peak of Teneriffe! I cannot indulge in high-flown lucubrations, when I am speaking to men who know all the glorious refulgences of indescribable humanity in a more classical and legislative capacity than any that ever graced the Medes, the Persians, the Scandinavians, or the Phœnicians; therefore I will with modesty confine myself to this glorious consummation, that every natural generation should live without aggravation, under every deprivation, and never suffer themselves to be annihilated by the simultaneous obnoxious, deteriorating, and abominable combination of incendiaries, who accumulate but to separate and degenerate those who should never be inanimate. (*Bravo.*)—And, my countrymen! hear me, and don't be blind! If I could mount the winged horse Pegasus, I would fly over mount Helicon, and travel the land of Egypt, to emancipate and elucidate all that can reverberate to substantiate the emaculation of all that puts you at present in a consternation. So, gentlemen, as our immortal poet says, brevity is the soul of wit, I'll give you a quotation :

“Vote for Larkins!”

“Bravo, Larkins! what a clever fellow! Huzza?”—“I say, Mr. Botherem, you told me this morning you would vote for Humdrum.”—“Well, sir, surely a man has a right to change his mind once a day if he pleases.”---“I suppose, sir, you never received a present of game from Mr. Larkins?”---“Sir, I never received the most trifling favour from Mr. Larkins, with the exception of one little hare, and that was so high I could not eat it.” “Bribery and corruption!”

This their noise, &c.

Carts and cabriolets they're rolling it;
See, the freemen now are polling it;

All is flurry,

Hurry, scurry,

Squeezing, shouting, fighting.

Some are speaking up for freedom;

Others bawl, and will not heed 'em.

'Tis honour's cause,

The king and laws.

I'll be stanch against the minister,

For my motives are not sinister.

This scene to-day,

I'm sure you'll say,

It is, it is delighting.

(Spoken) 'Now, now read Humdrum's bill,'—

(Elector reads) 'No bullock's liver!—there's an elegant title.' 'No Humdrum?'—(Continues to

read) 'Who monopolizes all the salt?'—'Hum-

drum!---' 'Who has set up in opposition to the wash-

erwomen?---' 'Humdrum! No Humdrum!---' 'Who

sat in the house, and never made no speech for six

years?---' 'Humdrum!----' 'No Humdrum!----' 'I say,

Mr. Poll Clerk, I shall not promise to vote for Mr.

Humdrum, unless he promises to say, 'No,' when-

ever the ministers say 'Yes.'--(Gets a blow on the ear.)

---'Somebody has given me a cracker.'---'No, sir;

it's only an electioneering squib.'---'Silence! Si-

lence for Mr. Boreen.'---(Boreen speaks) 'Gentle-

men, I rise up for the purpose of depressing upon

your minds that I am standing up in the most manful-

like manner that an Englishman should stand. You

all know that you are Englishmen, because you was

born in England. Oh! then look at your children,

and transplant them in your imaginary imaginations,

for they are the tender plants that intercede all the

dry substances of your souls, and moisten all the

horizontal heats that burn in your bosoms, like the

raging ackenox in North America. Look at this,

and be me! I don't come here not to say nothing,

as a great many other people does, that's always a

talking. I likes to say little, and to no purpose nevertheless; but look to your wives; I know you're in the habits of dressing 'em as I is my wife---(*voice, no insinuations*)---and it's right every man should dress his wife with proper indiscretion, whether he can or no. I loves my wife; every body loves my wife, and I say woman is the most innoculate being on the face of the earth or any other country. I live at my country house. Stick to the laws, for the laws are the bullocks of our country, and there was never no man what din't understand the laws, that knew nothing about 'em; so, if you wish to be independent, vote for Humdrum, and it will be better nor £10,000 a year for you all; for if we were all to be members of Parliament in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, what a number of speakers we should have, and the house would be too large to contain us all. So vote for Humdrum, the friend of the people and strong beer.'—'Bravo! Bravo!'—'I say, who has won?'—'I don't know—do you, sir?'—'Yes, both, so they're going to try it over again, to find out the conqueror.'—'And who pays for the hustings?'—'Those who can find most money; but if the candidates don't, John Bull must.'

Thus their noise, &c.

On Saturday I received my last invitation for the week, to join an aquatic expedition on the Thames. And, as monopoly is the general order of the day, I will myself endeavour to monopolize a little of your attentions, by describing my excursion in a little entertainment I shall lay before you, when the loves of Miss Georgina Gritts, combined with that, and the jealousy of Mr. Giblets and Mr. Sassafras, will form the principal features in the performance; therefore, for a few moments, I shall take my leave in a—

FINALE.

Adieu, kind friends, I'm your's the same,

Ah! yes, the same as ever;

Old death must leave me but the name,

If I forget you ever.

SHAKELY.

I've got a pain across my back.

SIR B. BLANCMANGE.

My very heart is on the rack.

With die away, sigh away,

So horrible horrible, and terrible terrible.

But never mind what Pain may say,

And all her sad relations,

I'll smile if you'll agree to pay

And see my "Invitations."

SKELTER.

I've wandered over ev'ry land,

But found my hopes disjointed ;

I never yet could understand

Why I'm so disappointed.

DILBERRY.

I'm Dilberry, who dried the cork.

PETER.

And I am Peter come from York.

We're drearily, wearily, cherrily, merrily,

But never mind, &c.

POPPER.

Oh, if you please, I'll only say,

That I am Mr. Popper :

I always scout false tales away,

And tell you what is proper.

But now I say, my friends, adieu,

I'm very much obliged to you ;

Though we're wearily, &c.



YATES' REMINISCENCES.



You most of you know what it is to be at free-school; a life of sky-blue, red knuckles, and black eyes; much of that dangerous thing, a little learning; and much pecuniary difficulty in the apple-market. I did as most others did, I tore the covers off my Virgil, and borrowed a shilling of Mother Clayton, with a promise to pay the next holidays. Here I became acquainted with a character, Old Nathaniel, a literary cobbler, who always described himself as 'belonging to the Charter-house.'—but his appearance and manners are so eccentric, that I must shew him to you as he was, [*dresses as the old cobbler*] he was something like this, and thus he sat. 'Hey well, what is school over eh? come my boys, ah Master Y. how do, Master Y.? young Yates, wipe your nose my dear boy, stand out of my light Master Y. your *left* sole is much degenerated towards the heel, master Y.' 'That's because I have not stood upon my *right* leg since I came to the Charter-house.' 'Eh, what? Charter—that's wrong, *Carter-house*, from the great Magna Charta; Master Traveller, stand out of my light.' 'Ah Nathaniel, do you use bristles in making shoes?' 'Yes, Mast. T., *Caterhouse* shoes. Mast. T. Mast. Y. Mast. G. Mast. R. Mast. S. take your five heads out of the aper-to-ry, and make darkness visible, as Mr. Milton the oyster-man has it; put down the hammer will you, Mast. Y. what do you tease me so for eh? Such was old Nathaniel, of the Charter-house, a thorough marskman at Grammar; but he is gone,—peace to this ashes.

It happened to me, as I dare say it does to many here, to have a second cousin, whose relationship is

allowed or not, according to circumstances; our family always called him Mr. Damper Yates, our second cousin; he was rather inclined to years, the only thing he ever did *incline* to; he had something considerable in the old Fours, was unmarried and unincumbered; he wore his own hair, naturally white, full charged with powder, and tied with a black ribbon, a long tail hanging down his back like an ebony pump handle tipt with silver; and a stock tight enough round his neck to give him a ruddy complexion: he had a habit of shutting his eyes to see the worst of a thing. Being left together one evening, the following bit of life was hit off between us. [*dresses as Mr. Damper*] 'Well, young Yates, well, what are you thinking of as to life, eh? you are shockingly grown up.' 'I don't know what you mean, sir.' 'Eh, I suppose you think you are always to go to school.' 'Why sir, what *profession* would you advise?' 'No sir; Profession indeed! hate 'm all three—*preaching, persecuting, and poisoning*; that will never do, sir.' 'Well sir, what do you think of the sea?' 'The sea, sir—the d—l, sir, oh, no, no, Midshipman at 40.' 'The army, sir?' 'Worse and worse; long duels, black stock all the morning, carrying a flag when you are grey—oh no, sir, eh!' 'Well sir, what do you think of a Comniissary, sir?' 'A *Drommedary*, sir, carrying other people's provision; pots and pans, no sir, eh?' 'Well sir, what shall I take to, shall I take to nothing!' 'No sir, that market's overstocked already—nothing—no I see nothing in nothing.' 'Well, there is but one thing more sir, what think you of—of—' 'Of what, sir?' 'The stage, sir.' 'The stage, sir, what a cad—drive the Kensington? no sir, no sir, no, eh!' 'No sir, not the coach, the theatrical line, sir.' 'The pickpocket line, sir—the gallows—doing the deceitful at 8s. per week—plenty of paint and no pay, making a cork model of yourself, sir—half starved without having the consolation of knowing which half.'

He was always called upon to decide, yet never

did decide, but quietly threw his little bucket of cold water on every thing proposed. His remarks had the same effect on me, that a parish engine has on a large fire, served to make it blaze the fiercer.

At this time I entered into the Commissariat; but previous to going abroad, I was invited by a kind friend to go to masquerade, and it was settled that I should do so in the character of Somno: got my dress all ready, went properly equipt, candle in hand, night-cap on head, cloth on my arm, quite complete; at first I ran myself into a little disgrace by ramming my candle into the face of a Harlequin, and treading upon the train of the Muses, but I got on tolerably well, till at length the *real* Somno came, 'in the habit as he lived.'—We were inseparable for the remainder of the evening, enjoying the variegated pleasures of the scene together, which allow me to describe to you in a song:

MASQUERADING.

Come now my merry men,
 We may never meet again,
 The Masquerade's begun,
 We shall lose half the fun;
 Those who feel a passion
 To be in tip-top fashion,
 They should not want much persuading.
 Slack rope—there's a Pope;
 Queen of hearts—flames and darts,
 Skeletons—Spanish Dons—
 Ladies free—drinking tea,
 Light in sockets—hands in pockets,
 All's right—what a night,
 Push on, drive on through this motley scene of fun,
 Who on earth would'nt go Masquerading.

Come stroll along with me,
 We'll see who we can see;
 No one his neighbour knows,
 Tho' he treads upon his toes;

E'en your tailor there can't tell
 You from another swell,
 When in domino or character parading.
 Man in armour—blushing charmer,
 Pan and Pluto—eating fruit O,
 Apollo Nisa—taking ice a,
 Prosperoso—drinking so-so,
 Noise and Riot—nothing quiet,
 Pushing, driving—all a striving,
 Running, falling—ladies squalling,
 Push on, drive on, in this motley scene of fun,
 Who on earth would'nt go Masquerading.

Now let us go to supper,
 In the lower room or upper ;
 Nothing's here, I tell ye,
 But oranges and jelly ;
 I think I am a ninny,
 To be giving half a guinea,
 Such a supper as this is degrading.

Knife and fork—draw the cork,
 Beauty bright—candle light,
 Charley Wright—a merry wight,
 Sandwich nice—Vauxhall slice,
 Supper o'er—what a bore,
 Pay the score—wish for more,
 Cash runs low—forc'd to go,
 Push on, drive on, in this motley scene of fun,
 Sure the actors are all Masquerading.

The Masquerade had the usual effect upon me, and as I was sitting next morning at a late breakfast, who should walk in but the *Somno* of the previous evening. He came in light of heart and restless in his person ; a little fidgetty, but not a little humerous ; little, indeed, did I think, that my future plans of life would be affected by this very visit ; he was kind and spoke flattering ; dangerous flattery to me. You have seen my friend, you know him, you must have seen him, he is taller than I am, yet the world have said I am

occasionally like him. (*Imitation of Mathews*) 'How do—glad to see you—pretty well, hey; I was very much amused with you last night, very much. Your imitations were very good, very good indeed, they were, 'pon my life—Fawcett was very like; Kemble very good; but there was one thing in which you failed, yes, you did, total failure.' 'What was that, sir?' 'Your imitation of me: I know I'm a difficult study; no man in the world can imitate me.' 'Well, then, (said I) it is well for me that I don't intend going on the stage.' 'Ah! it is all very well for you to say you don't *intend*; take my word for it, you'll be an actor—take my word for it, you will, one of these days, come to the theatrical drop; you will, you may depend.' 'You are mistaken indeed, said I; I am going to join the Commissariat.' 'Ah! it's all very well for you to say so; but depend upon it, you will leave feeding starved soldiers, to enlist yourself into a starving company. Adieu; remember what I say, you'll be an actor.'

I shortly after this joined the army; where I was, as my cousin Damper would always call it, a *dromedary* for the space of three years. I was at the Battle of Waterloo, and I would that I could relate to you some anecdotes of that great and glorious triumph; but as we are not met here to be melancholy, 'if you have tears' you need not prepare to shed them now. Soon after my return home, I agreed to accompany my friend on an expedition to France to try the effect of an entertainment, for the first time, something similar to the one I have now the honour to perform. Previous, however, to my trip, I became acquainted with a character, Mr. Felix Fact; he was something like Tilburina's papa in the *Critic*, always understood every thing literally as spoken; he always wore a little brown wig, under which his little round cosy face was reposing in a state of unmeaning vacancy: whenever a metaphor on a word of three syllables was started, he would stare in a state of utter amazement and incomprehension. Romances he said he could

not understand; he had read Gay's Fables and did not believe them. He was the very man who said he was glad to hear they were going to canvass the Boro' because he had been twice wet through, between Tooley-street and the Town-hall; and having once read in the newspapers that a fleet of Indiamen had got out of dock and had *dropt* down the river, he said it was a great pity, and hoped that by the diving bells their cargoes would be saved: he never ventured to come near the Stock Exchange, for fear of the *bulls* and the *bears*, and wondered the Lord Mayor allowed such wild beasts in the city. He was now at Dover, where he had gone to see whether there really was a sea, and whether it was salt. (*Imitation of Fact, tasting the water and picking up a large pebble.*)

Mr. Fact returned to the inn and dined with us: next morning, on the Dover coach driving up, I exclaimed, 'What on earth can he be about? what can have brought him here?' 'Him, who?' 'Why that original there, next to the little black boy on the roof.' 'A black boy on the roof, I should like to see him; oh, a young chimney sweeper tumbled out of the pot, I suppose.' 'No, I mean that Valentine and Orson looking man, with a white plush jacket and fur cap on; do you know we went to school together.' 'No! he never went to school, I'm sure; he was bred upon Highgate Common, and fed upon white mustard seed.' 'True, I assure you; he studied Robinson Crusoe, and was long boat mad before he was 16 years of age. What, Tom Traveller?' 'Ah! my Fred. how are you, where are you going?' 'I'm going to Paris, said I.' 'So am I; I'm outward bound too; going abroad in search of a desert island.' 'What, Robinson Crusoe yet Tom, eh?' 'Yes, fur shoes in my trunk, and a large umbrella; all for the island; see, here's a Dolland, a real good one; there's a glass.' 'Why, what's that for?' 'Don't you know? why to look at the natives; see 'em eat a Good Friday.' 'Eat a Good Friday! well, I declare I should like to know how that is done.'

Fact and Traveller both offered to join the party, which, of course, we of the *Drams. Pers.* did not object to, as we were now attended by our *Fact* and our *Fiction*, the two grand requisites for romance.

As we were going to the Packet, Tom regretted he had not been able to meet with a second hand Canoe, altho' he had searched all Brokers'-row. On board my attention was attracted to one of the very few hands on board, a fine old Jack tar in his blues, with the seams nicely pitched against the weather, with a liberal display of bronze, wrist and throat; who was hauling in a rope, and ejaculating at every haul; Mr. Fact placed his thumbs behind him, and stared with stupid astonishment. Tom admired his fur cap, it would do capital, he said for the Island. (*pulling in the rope.*) Yoe! ho, come along wid you, yeo! ho, you devil, you want more pulling than you are worth—there's no end to you, like Doyle's Lectures. Yeo! ho, faith I think the other end of you is tied to the North Pole—ah! you great sea serpent, has your mother any more of you—oh! you devil, I've found you out, some one has cut off the other end of ye. On the deck were two gentlemen walking backwards, pretending not to be sick, the rest of the company were below, like rich old noblemen, *casting* up their accounts and settling with the steward. At length we took in our Pilot, *not Terry*, and shortly landed at Boulogne, and commenced our entertainment; I say *we*, on the principle of the organ blower, as I took the money at the doors, and played Fustian in Sylvester Daggerwood, being my first appearance on the stage in character. Traveller wished us to get up Robinson Crusoe, because, as he said, Fact would make an excellent old Canibal, but he protested "he had never made one in all his life." While we were at Boulogne, we made up a party to visit old Joe Kelly, jovial Joe, whom, many here no doubt knew; he was at that time suffering a martyrdom to his old complaint the gout; we knocked at the door, was admitted to his bed-room, myself first,

the rest following with ludicrous tip-toe caution, (*Imitation of Irish Joe Kelly*) Walk in gentlemen; Worry git out you divil: this was addressed to a little shaggy dog, a tiny little thing, like a child's muff, with short legs, and two blear eyes, of different colors, who at every motion in the room would jump backwards and forwards over Kelly's great toe, much to his annoyance. 'Walk in, gentlemen, why by the powers there is four of ye—you'd make a nice rubber—Josephine, Josephine—No, no, said I, Joe, we have only called to see how you did—Why, what's the matter with your side, said I, you seem to have lost an eye! 'Lost what! no divil a thing have I lost; I have not touched a card these four days;' the streets being strewed with bricks and tiles, the effects of last night's storm; I remarked, your friend the devil, Joe, has been very busy during the night, my boy. "Faith I'll tell you how it is, the devil has married his daughter to a bricklayer, and not having any ready money by him, he is *raising the wind* on some of his houses.

We left Joe Kelly a victim to the gout, wine, and music, and took our departure for England: we shortly came in sight of Dover, ships riding at anchor; and in the joy of the moment, we both exclaimed, huzza for the wooden walls of England.—Tom Traveller, we left on his way to Paris, in search of his infernal Desert Island; Mr. Fact's adieus were worthy of himself. "Good bye—I've been highly delighted—very pleasant trip—adieu; but I have been much disappointed this morning in looking for the wooden walls of old England, I can't find them, but I suppose they have been pulled down."

Arrived in London, I parted with my kind friend; his last words to me were "adieu, Fred. you'll be an actor, take my word for it; remember me, adieu." I shortly after came out at Covent Garden Theatre, and the following summer was engaged to give an entertainment at Vauxhall Gardens; but unfortun-

nately, one morning as I was rehearsing it, to Mr. Fact who had come to town on purpose, and a full meeting of untrimmed lamps, one of the boards of the temporary stage broke down, and my leg followed the example, and I was borne away, not on the tide of popular favour, but on a shutter: but as I brought away a brief description of the Gardens, I shall now take the liberty of repeating them.

EVENING AT VAUXHALL.

Hey for Vauxhall! the moon is rising bright to-night,

The water now is smooth, and all is clear:

Now is your time, if you wish to see a glorious sight;

A sight for three and sixpence you can't think dear.

From London Bridge to Vauxhall, the watermen are pulling O,

From Richmond, too, there's not a few, now the boats they're filling O!

Row brothers row, the bridges soon are left behind,

Now's your time to pull away, the entrances are rather dark

That's leading to this show, this wonderful this brilliant place;

Such a place as this was never known.

Now Mr. D. my love, as we have orders, if we are to enjoy the evening, let us get there before the doors are open, and perhaps Mr. Fact will accompany us—With all my heart, if there's room for one. Suppose, my love, as there is seven of us all together, that we have a chariot. No, my dear, a boat, a boat as the tide is running up to Vauxhall, that will be just the thing, won't it Mr. Fact—Running up, why as I am not much of a pedestrian, I can't say. Well, come, come along now. Where's my cocked hat? I always wears my cocked hat when I goes to Vauxhall. Now my love, where's your thin shoes? right; now the opera glass, right; now the paper of sandwiches, right; now the key of the door, right; now the oranges, right; now the orders, all right—now then come

along. Boat your honour—Boat, sir, mine's a very nice wherry your honour. My dear love, do oblige me by taking that good looking young man, with a brass badge on his arm, and his coat gathered full round the flaps; he seems quite superior to his race—I hope we shall have no racing—(Child) Be quiet Keziah, controul yourself my son; what's the matter—Only I'm s-o happy—Go on Waterman—Jem, help the deputy in.—Yes; he's like an elephant stepping into a butterboat. What's that place—Cumberland gardens, marm. Bless me its quite a ruin. Yes marm, there's been a shocking fire, and all the Sunday crockery was *barnt* to the ground. Any thing else. No marm, *mere-ly* a barrel horgan. What a pity, I suppose the engines did not know how to *play* upon it. Now then pay here, pay here. No sir, we don't pay here, for I have got—(*feeling in his pocket, agitated*) why surely I have forgot—What, my love; the oranges? Worse than that. The sandwiches? Worse. The key of the door? Worse than that, I have forgot the orders; why you must have them Mr. Fact. No, I have nothing in my pocket but a last year's almanac, a pocket handkerchief, and one glove. Well, what's to be done? Why we must pay, I suppose; how many are there, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 of us; I say Mr. Moneytaker, do you charge full price for the little ones? Yes, sir. Well that's very odd, for they are not grown up; never mind, there's the money and now go on. How dark it is---I don't see any thing. Turn to the right. I can't see. Now to the left. Oh cri! now I see, how beautiful; what a seven wonders of the world, lamps, music, boxes, ladies and all.

All in this show, this wonderful, this brilliant
place,
Such a place, &c.

Sure such a night, so brilliant and so shining O,
Such a night as this was never seen;
Things are so gay, beyond all arts designing O,

All nature seems to be enchanted round about.
 The illuminations in all stations, so bright to the sight,
 that is;
 While the rockets from their sockets, round about
 your head do rise;
 Rotunda's gardens, and dark walk where ladies may
 retire in;
 Shades so dark, with a young spark, if they're afraid
 of firing.

Well I'm so happy, sure this must be a paradise in miniature. — No marm, in Kennington lane. — Father, what's that place up there? — That's the orchestra: now come keep all together. — My dear, who is that reading the newspaper by lamp light? — That's Charles Taylor — what an interesting young man. — My love, I wish you would wear your cocked hat longways and not broadways, at present one end is in my eye, and the other in Mrs. Carryways. — Well, my love, any thing to be agreeable. (*bell*) What's that. — That's the Indian juggler. Well, I declare, I should like to see him, it is astonishing the dexterity he handles the three golden balls with. — Pooh! it's only a pawnbroker unbending himself. Come my love, go on, here's Needle the tailor coming. Which is he. — That's him, with one eye, that's needle. — Come now, Mr. Needle, I don't like walking out here, I wants to walk under the *yawning*. — Well, my dear, but will that be quite correct our mixing with superfine? To be sure it will, an't you tailor and habit maker to the king's own tallow chandler? Yes, my love. — And wasn't you in the Bunhill Fields volunteers, all the last peace? — So I vas my dear; ah! there's general Gormand, I'll bow him, he knows me very well. — Now Needle mind your eye. (*bows*) He didn't see me my love. — No how could he, you din't bow till he was two *yards* past you. — How do. .How do, eh. .A-h! any thing to do. — No, no, nothing to do, no nothing at all. — Ah! any person outside, eh? No, no, no person outside, no per-

son at all.—Curst stupid.—Yes, very—curst stupid. Good night.—Good night. My love, give me my thick shoes, my thin ones are wet, it's a very damp night. Why, it rains.—Rains.—Yes, I have my *ap-prehensions*.—And I have my umbrella.

All in this show, &c.

Hark, how it rains! a hackney-coach a treasure is;

For satin shoes and silk stockings—here's a night!

Pit, pat—slip, slop,—this a night for pleasure is,

I wish that I was not now so far from home.

Whizzing crouds and dizzy lamps—nothing now but dreariness;

Some a drinking, others sinking, with nothing else but weariness.

Come let us take a box, and call for what will throw a light on it.

And as 'tis so, before we go, why let us make a night of it.

Here's a night! this is pleasure! How shall we get home, my dear?—Why, as we came, I suppose, by water. Now I propose that we stay late, and go home by one of the Kennington stages.—Bless me, how it does rain and blow, father! it has quite blown out the I in Wellington.—Well, that's a circumstance I did not know before; I was not aware that the duke had lost an *eye*. (*bell*) There's the bell for the fire-works! why, the people rush like a shower of rain. Like a shower of rain; why 'tis a shower of rain.—Well, my dear, we must go with the *stream*.—There's no other way of going such a night as this. There, do you see that dark place? Yes, what is it?—That's the fire-works.—I can't see nothing. Now for a rocket (*whush*) Come, that's not so bad; 'twas almost as high as the trees. Now for a Roman-candle.—Papa, why do they call 'em Roman-candles? Why, my dear, because--because, there's no *Greece* in 'em. My love, will you ask that Naval Marine gentleman, to move on one side, I can't see at all. It's no use asking him my love; don't you see his wooden leg

has sunk up to the calf in the wet gravel.---Come, let's sit down and enjoy ourselves; Waiter! do you call this a slice of ham? why, I can see every individual lamp in the gardens through it. Now to finish the evening with a song. (*sings God save the King.*) Pa, how it comes down at 'rains over us.'

All in this show, &c.

In a few short years, short indeed to the hey-day of youth, I was engaged to perform my budget at the Liverpool Theatre, for I had frequently been At Home on various occasions in the Country, as it is the custom of London Performers to go into the Country occasionally as stars; Mr. Bartley is the only gentleman who *stars* it in London.

Arriving at Liverpool, I found by one of these strange casualties, that the real proprietor of the Mail Coach Adventures had just arrived piping hot from America, and we were both advertised to play alone in the same Theatre, on the same night; of course I gave up my seat in the "Mail," to the "Great Original:" for some time we conjointly or singly, got good houses on alternate evenings; 'till one day, we thought it would not be displeasing to the good people of Liverpool, certainly not to ourselves, if we gave them a specimen of our tragedy. My friend had a good opinion of his tragic powers, and I had an equally good one of mine. Indeed most Comedians have had the same idea; Munden thinks himself a fine Macbeth, wasted; and the comical Liston sits himself down as an ill used Octavian; Othello was announced, my friend, the "gentleman in Black," myself the cunning Iago; having dressed myself on the night of performance, I went to the dressing room of my friend, "what, said I, not dress'd yet, do you know the first bell has rung?"---"Has it?"---I found him before a large glass, with a book of the tragedy on one side of him, learning the jealousy by heart; and on the other a bottle of *matchless*, with which he was making the darkness visible on his countenance. 'Did you ever see such a cursed

climbing boy as *I* am making myself, look very like the black man who sweeps the crossings at the corner of Fleet Market; *I* look like a genuine sample of Day and Martin, without the polish. *I* say Fred. *I* wish you would do it for me." "*I* took his face in hand, and advocated the cause of the blacks; the curtain rang up, and we got on capitally until we came to the third act, when as we got most serious, the audience thought we were most in joke, and the dialogue proceeded something in this way:

Yates.---My Noble Lord. *Mathews*.---What does say *Iago*? *Y*.---Did Cassio, when you wooed my lady, know of your love? *M*.---He did, (they don't take it) from first to last; why do you ask? there's a bit of orange peel.) *Y*.---But for the satisfaction of my thought. *M*.---Why of thy thought, *Iago*? (we are beginning to move 'em.) *Y*.---*I* did not think he had been acquainted with her. (there's several going out of the Pit.) *M*.---(they are certainly laughing.) O! yes, and went between us very oft. *Y*.---Indeed! *M*.---Indeed! discernest thou ought in that, (its more than they do,) is he not honest? *Y*.---Honest, my lord? *M*.---Honest, ay! honest? (they're laughing infernally) *Y*.---My lord, for aught *I* know. *M*.---What dost thou think? (*I* can't stand this, *I* must be off.) *Y*.---Think, my lord, (that *I* must follow;) we have neither of us had any thing to do with Tragedy since.

While *I* was at Liverpool, *I* dined with a gentleman, who was particular in his beef, he wished much to hear of our Christmas show of cattle; as *I* was the only one present who had witnessed such a sight, *I* described it to them as well as *I* could in the following manner:

SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW.

Off, I'm off for the Goswell-street cattle show,
Being determined to be in good time;

If you are coming pray don't stand to prattle now,
For I'm told that the beasts are all prime.

Your togs now on, pull Cox,
To see the fat bullocks.

There's lots of pushing and driving I know;

If we are first there, I trust that we must there
Stand a good chance for to get the first row.

I say, vich is it. Why that ere von by the chay carts. Littel boys, take your eyes away from the hinges, you can't see no fat through them 'ere cracks. Let the poor boys alone, it can't be any injury to the proprietors. Why you see sir, we are ordered not to let no one see vot has not paid. Room, room, for Lord Stuffington. Well! good shew, eh? good shew this year. Yes my lord, tolerable. I say, blow me but he's a whopper. Bill, open the big gate for his lordship. Sure he needn't leave his own fireside to see a prize ox, No, to look at him, I should think he knowed what oil cakes vas. Make way for the Duchess of Dumplingsed. Vich is she. Why she on the galloway. Vot she with the habit. No, she with the *hastma*. Room there, let that gentleman pass. Vell I'm blowed if he an't a fat 'un—who is he? He's steward to Lord Stuffington, and he's got two porkers here as is the *wery* moral of him.

So I'm off, &c.

Come, brush on, while we've strength to be moving
here,

I wish for to make the best use of the day;
I find that the crowd is hourly improving here,
If longer we stop, why we shan't get away.

Let's hear how they bark it now

In the cow market now.

I'm all of a broil like a steak on the fire,
And as I am toasting, I may as well roast in
The flames of what some call a foolish desire.

How excessively crowded, how intensely hot, Mr. Keeper, have you any ventilators. No sir, we have

several heifers. Pray what are those? Sheep sir. Sheep! poor things. I say Bill, he calls these sheep *poor* things. Very oppressive; I say sir, as you have just come in, how's the weather? Very fat sir, very fat. There's an answer now. Yes sir, that's a *re-posito-ry* answer. What a strange smell, how suffocating. Pray who is that gentleman? Lavender sir. I'm sure they want lavender here, oh! Look here, here's *natur*, what an *ogg*. Prodigious! arn't it. James, my child, take hold of my hand, and we'll *walk round* it. No, no, you don't recollect the child has got to *walk* home. So I'm off, &c.

Such a show of fat oxen was never seen,
 The demand for oil cakes must be great;
 And the proprietors all look as they had been
 Grazing along with their cattle of late.

Now's the time, push and drive
 To see 'em all alive!

Those who have money should pull it out now,
 If you mean to buy now, don't you be shy now;
 In London, of Cattle there's not such a show.

My good man, will you just stand on one side? I'm no good man, I'm a butcher. Well I declare I never would—— there it is again—I never would have come if I had thought it had been like this; I have had nothing but ox tails whisking round my eyes this half hour, it is like walking blindfold through a belfry. Take care of your pockets. I arn't got no money. I say sir, I 'a bin a vatching you this half hour, you have been twisting that pig's tail about till it nearly amounts to *tor-tur*. I say, that's a fine beast; what do they call him? you have got the catalogue. Oh here it is, The Rev. Alfred Clayton. Pooh! nonsense. I say it is, the Rev. Alfred Clayton, short in the body, long in the hind legs, poodle head, and thick in the quarters. Well, so it is I declare, how very odd. Take care of that ox, he is just going to kick. No he isn't sir, he is mere-ly

going to rest his other leg. He's a fine creature, how pacific; pray Mr. Shewman is he always so. No sir, he sometimes lies down. So I'm off, &c.

PART II.

A short time after my engagement at Covent Garden, I was introduced to a gentleman, Mr. Prosper Sanguine; he was happy in disappointment, laughed at the hardness of the times, and gloried in what would follow; and who to use his own expression, never gave up. 'Funds down at 60, so much the better, buy in.—I see it all, never give up—get up like a skyrocket to 90—I see it all—30 per cent the better.' I was introduced to him before dinner: Mr. Sanguine, Mr. Yates; Mr. Yates, Mr. Sanguine. (at this time it was thought the Gas company would never answer) 'Pho, not answer—must answer—I see it all—buy shares—shop blown out, what then? house blown down, so much the better, make room for the new streets and light it afterwards. A Scotch gentleman remarked, 'Sir, you see Macadamization will never do for a great city like London; it is too dry in the Summer, and too wet in the winter.' 'Pho, nonsense, must answer—dry in the summer, so much the better—Lundy foot for nothing—never give up—wet in winter, what then? navigable streets, Macadamize every thing from Gros. Square to your back parlour: I went to the play the other night, 30 in the pit, none in the boxes, so much the better, more to come—dare say they were all in the gallery---never give up.' Thus did he tower above misfortune and mishap, for his life seemed to be insured in the Hope.

About this time I was a thin single gentleman, and occupied apartments close to the theatre, where I could step and do Moses in the School for Scandal, and back again to tea: an acquaintance of my house-keeper's frequently called to see her; a perfect

Snake in petticoats; she said she had just called in to see her, nothing more; a most singular character, and nearly allied to a very celebrated personage. Mrs. Paulina Pry was quite a character; she just called in upon her friends, nothing more—would delicately surmise a misfortune with her eyes, or dipping into domestic difficulties with her chin: I have seen her scatter ruin round her acquaintance with ‘nods and becks, and wreathed smiles;’ her eyes would be every where at once, in the tea-caddies, the areas, the gravy spoons of her acquaintances; most particularly anxious after any absentees; she actually seemed to possess the power of shooting out her eyes after an article, like a snail’s horn; her conversation I will endeavour to *etch*, she never did *engrave* it herself: ‘I called on the Jones’s—the bronze inkstand is gone, eh!—up stairs, I suppose, eh! they have only five of these chairs, eh! the parlour chairs, eh! five! they had eight, and two elbows, eh!—Just called in at Mrs. Lofty’s she was out, eh! met her afterwards with a small basket reticule on her arm, couldn’t see in it, eh!—called at dinner afterwards; tea-spoons with the pie, eh! she had her *deserts* once—just popt in at Mrs. Baker’s; what a sweet guard ring you have on, my love; you had another eh! well, I don’t ask, times are hard, times are hard, eh! my dear love, what’s gone with your ebony tea-caddy, eh? taken up stairs I suppose, eh? only you know it always *used* to stand under the cheffonier.—I wonder what takes Mrs. Brown so often to the Obelisk, eh? her husband’s out of town they say, eh? may people come out by the act?’ But as I once met her at a pawnbroker’s window, and heard her mutter her thoughts, I put them into a lyrical shape, nearly thus:

PAWNBROKER’S SHOP.

The three golden balls are above me,
 I see the green door up the court;
 Take these six spoons, and quickly shove me
 Up the spout, for I’m rather short:

Some go in and I'll wait at the window,
 I don't wish to wait in the shop ;
 'Till you bring out the money, Miss Blindo,
 'Tis here I would much rather stop.

My neighbours may talk, if they eye me ;
 Let 'em prate then as much as they please ;

They cannot unless they are by me,
 For most folks come in at the squeeze.

Miss Cummins has left off her earrings,
 Miss Popm's fine bracelets are gone,

Mrs. Traces has laid by her laces,
 And these ladies look rather forlorn.

So here is Sophia's best coral,
 But I long have thought she was poor ;

It's no use with fortune to quarrel,
 While your uncle will open his door.

Mrs. White's emblem of wedding,
 Is here in the window secure ;

But I'd part with my bed and my bedding,
 Before I'd pawn that ring, I am sure.

Oh, Ellinor Rogers your caddy
 Is ticketed here, sure enough ;

Since your pledges your uncle has had, he
 Has kept you in plenty of snuff.

And that cypher C. B. I well know it,
 Which on that gold seal I espy,

How aggravating to show it
 Just under the poor owner's eye.

This window, my friends are all in it—

Here stands the 'Whole Duty of Man ;'

For some men before they begin it,
 Will shrink to this shop if they can.

The prices, you see they do mark on
 Each article here that they place,

A warranted gun made by Manton—
 John Bunyan—and three yards of lace.

I can see here that people now labours
 To put all their care on the shelf ;

And I've found out that most of my neighbours
 Are no better off than myself,
 One relation, when you are sunk—ill,
 Tho' on them you can't always rely,
 I find a good friend in my Uncle,
 On Saturday night to apply.

Previous to my leaving town, to fulfil my engagements in the country, I dined with a gentleman who was tormented with a bad cook: on setting down to dinner, every thing was spoilt; the first act was bad the second worse, and the third spoilt the entertainment; the fish was cold, the meat raw, the vegetables not done, and the potatoes, as the footman said, had met with an accident:—here I met Mr. M'Fin a gentleman who had an utter dislike to fish; 'What's fish?' a parcel of trash not fit to swim,—Roach, what is it? a parcel of swimming bones.—Soles, pho! underleathers fried—detest Brill—workhouse turbot—Salmon, pho! only the middle cut good, and you can't make head nor tail of that.'

As I had never had a thoro' taste of a strolling life, I attached myself to a respectable company of comedians, and with them performed at most of the principal towns in Devonshire. The company were all as careless as myself, and merry were the days we passed: I recollect once, we played Macbeth in two acts, and with only one witch. We had in the company a respectable old actor, who had been on the stage nearly half a century, yet so singular were his ideas, that he always fancied his appearance much too juvenile for every part he happened to be cast in; one evening I went into his dressing room, and found him busily employed in preparing for King Henry, for which part, as usual, he thought his appearance much too juvenile; I found him making wrinkles round his already wrinkled face;—'eh! can't please myself, eh! much too young.'—at last he threw down his paint, saying, 'fore gad, I'll not make an old man of him, I'll play him as a young man.'

At the Dartmouth theatre, the back of the stage was enclosed by a couple of folding doors, for when not used as a theatre, it was converted into a warehouse for goods. I remember the first time I played, we had a very thin audience, very thin indeed, in fact, for why should I disguise it before friends, we had but one pound seventeen shillings and three pence in the warehouse, pit, boxes, and gallery, and three-pence beams. The play was *Wild Oats*, I played *Rover*, and very well I did it *for the money*. We none of us knew our parts, but said what came first, from *Speed the Plough*, the *Humorous Lieutenant*, or *Othello*; we got on very well till the end of the fourth act, when I was on the stage as *Rover*, and there was *John Dory* (*Sir George Thunder* ought to enter;) we stood staring at each other; the audience four in the front, began to murmur; call *Sir George Thunder*, said I to the prompter—' *Sir George Thunder!*' but no, *Sir George* couldn't be found; ' *Mr. Weston, Mr. Weston!*'—I rushed off the stage like lightning in search of *Thunder*. The back of the stage opened on to the pier, and it was no uncommon thing for an actor to take a turn there on a fine evening, between the acts—and there I discovered *Sir George Thunder*, sitting down in his admiral's dress, coat and hat and sword complete, with a large rod and line, pulling and struggling with a huge horse-mackerel.

On my return to town, I found on my table a card from *Mr. Traveller*, and the next morning he called upon me ' *Ah! my Fredy, Friday, it is all one,—here I am you see; havn't found it yet.*' ' *Found what?*' ' *The island—been to the Louvre—been to St. Cloud, but can't find a desert island—tried to be cast away, but the cursed French boat wouldn't go to pieces—I threw myself into the Seine, when I was in Paris, with a couple of guns on my arm; but as I could'nt sink, I was brought out by a cursed French hackney coachman.*' ' *Well, said I, will you go with me to De Ville's to see some casts?*' ' *Do you think he*

has got a *cast away*?' 'No, said I, I do not think he has.' 'I shan't go, I hate the French, all of 'em.'— 'But he is not a Frenchman.' 'Yes he is.' 'No, I assure you he is not.' 'Well, it's all the same, he is of French extraction; I've noticed 'em all, there's De la Cour, Delatanville, Destampes, Decamp, all begin with a D.' 'So they do,' said I. 'Yes, I know it all, every thing's French that begins with D.'— 'Then how do you get over Dumpling,' said Mr. Fact.

We strolled into the public Office, Bow-street, when a case came on, where a fireman claimed the reward for being first at a chimney taking fire; the proprietor of the house had brought a sweep, a sentimental Yorick of the soot-bag who gave his evidence thus: 'She take fire your honor—bless you, she wouldn't do such a thing, I liked her ever since I went into the profession, your honour she made me fond of the business—she take fire! oh! no—she's a strait as an arrow—no chimbly in Lunnon has such a look out as she has—not a brick in her but knows my foot, your honor—she has such winning ways—she made me fond of the business—she take fire—^{sh-}if couldn't do it, or I'd never trust a chimbly more—^{y-}she is fined, the next time I look out I should *veep, veep*.

Having shortly afterwards visited an election, I shall endeavour to pourtray that ^{no-}by scene of whim, humour, and confusion, and ^{hope} I shall gain your suffrages, when I propose ^{myself} a candidate for Apollo.

HUMOURS OF AN ELECTION.

Broken heads are all the fun—

Pushing, tearing, driving;

Thousands into danger run,

For candidates all striving.

Come take that favour from your hat;

Cries one upon inspection,

If your for them, why I'm for that;

All's fair at an Election.

Huzza! every body for ever—Pat-riotism for ever. I say, which are the Pat-rioters. Here we are your honor, and I hope you'll allow us bludgeons, that we may appear dacent. Now, my boys, keep all together, and go in different compartments to the Poll. That's O'Flim, he *disarranges* the processions—Mr. Stone, pray what is your colour? Blue, sir. Ah! stone blue, I suppose. Pray, sir, what's your colour? Why, sir, I have not made-up my mind yet, but as far as my nose goes, it inclines to purple. I say, where's your cockade—in my hat. I don't see it. No, it's inside, I'm not going to have my *ribbons* torn to *ribbons*. You can't go by here. Vy not. Because I'm a *kofficer*. Then where's your *hautority*? Here. Vell, you've no occasion to shove it in my *hye*. (*To a drunken man.*) Sir, sir, get up; do exert yourself: how long have you been here? For Ever! Come, sir, rouse yourself: how long do you mean to stop here? For Ev-e-r. He's quite overtaken. Yes, he's cotcht it. Who do you vote for, sir? For Ever. That's Doldrum, the committee man. How do sir? is the committee sitting. Yes, they are sitting at the Rose and Compasses; but they had'nt chairs enough, so I walked out. That's as independent a *woter* as any here. Him as is bawling Combe and Delafield for ever. No, no, him as has a bunch of *ingyons* in his hand, next to the *woter* in *welweteens*. Push on—I'm for liberty of opinion. Well, sir, and I'm for liberty of opinion too. Well, sir, and what's your opinion? Why, sir, my opinion is that my pocket is picked.

O, broken heads, &c.

Now's the time and now's the hour,
 To hear 'em all harranguing;
 If you have a plumper got,
 Come push your way bang in.
 Come poll away my bought up votes,
 I do not fear detection;
 Who wouldn't keep in pay turn coats,
 Inst losing their election.

Well I must say, a set of honest people gathered together is a gratifying sight. I say my honest man, will you take care of my horse and gig, while I go up to vote. Yes sartainee your honour; I say Jem, off with the cushions. A plumper for Sir Dilberry Diddle. That man can't vote. Why not? He has been bribed, they have given him something for himself. I'll do as much for you when I come down.—What is that ragged rascal come to vote? Yes, sir, he is a house-holder. What house? The House of Correction, I should think. Silence for a speech.—Gentlemen electors, I have the honour to—curse that fellow he has hit me in the eye with a cabbage stump. Here take the book in your hand. I'm sorry to say as how I can't. Why not? I've only got an iron hook. Well, what's to be done, Counsellor Bother what's to be done? Oh, he can't vote. Its cast iron, sir. Well, he can only give a casting vote, then. Here's Mr. Finnikin he is quite a character, and affects to hate affectation, now mark him. So your name is Finnikin, sir. Yes, sir, Finnikin is my name.—How do you vote Mr. Finnikin? As you please, sir, I'm not at all particular. Some give 'em plumpers, sir. With all my soul, sir; I'll give 'em all plumpers, sir. Can't do that, sir, you must split 'em, and give one to one, and one to another. With all my soul sir; split 'em all, as most agreeable! give 'em some split and some unsplit as you please sir.

O broken heads are all the fun, &c.

Up roar and noise are the true joys
 Of the rabble round ye;
 They roar so loud, in this great crowd,
 The noise does soon confound ye.
 And when the losing parties rise,
 To ask for your protection,
 Then drown their voice with yells and cries,
 For that's a pure Election.

There, that's our candidate. Yes, he's a nice man of *foo* words, but they are to the pint. He's going to

speak.—Gentlemen—I beg to say, that—I mean—
 purity of election—Huzza, huzza. Be quiet,
 Spooney, will you, he arn't come to the liberty of the
 subject yet that's the time. Gentlemen—if you re-
 turn me—no taxes—beer at 3d. a pot. Huzza,
 huzza, there's a voice to represent us.—Yes:
 he's a very pretty speaker, arn't he?—Vich is
 the man as is addressing us, him as is a play-
 ing with two yellow gloves? No him as is standing
 uprightly and independantly with his two hands in
 his breeches pockets? He's bowing, arn't he? No,
 he is merely stooping to avoid the cabbage stumps.
 Vich is the one as we support; him in powder? No,
 him as stands up like an Englishman, in a white
 waiscoat, with a hegg a trickling down his *bussum*.
 Ah, I'll give him my vote; he looks the uncompro-
 mising advocate of our hagggricultural hinterest. You
 can't vote sir. Why not sir? I have been waiting all
 day. Can't help it sir, the Poll's closed. Ah! that's
 the reason, them here gemmen below have thought
 proper to lay mine open.

O broken heads, etc,

Those who are behind the scenes, sometimes wit-
 ness some droll anecdotes; and as you all know, I
 occasionally have been behind the scenes myself, I
 will relate an anecdote that occurred at one of our
 Winter Theatres. The play advertised, was Richard;
 the Manager was in extacy! 'What a glorious rush
 there'll be to my establishment to-night—a fine house
 I shall have—fourteen little boys at the gallery doors
 already---about half-past four, a messenger arrived
 with a letter---'eh! what's this---a letter--immediate
 ---let me see---beautiful house I shall have---eh!
 what's here---ill---can't act for a few nights---eh!
 run, run, all the establishment, every one of you,
 scour the country round; yet stay, I have it, I'll
 write to him. Messenger the second, was despatched
 after messenger the first; the house was rapidly fill-

ing; the box doors thundered with---fifty-first companies. At last, messenger the second arrived, in a hackney coach, and with him the Great Alternative. 'My dear sir, pretty situation I'm in, here's a fine house, you *will* play Richard, won't you?' 'Pray, sir, why have I been sent for in this manner---lead the way to my dressing room: (*Imitation of Macready*) the Manager followed, you will play Richard to-night, won't you; there's an excellent house?' 'I can't.' 'You could if you would.' 'I cannot, I'll play Hamlet, if you like; 'Angels and ministers of grace!' I cannot do it, why did you send for me, I have not got a dress.' 'A dress, oh! run all the establishment, send 'em all; carpenters, scene-shifters, down to the fireman, run for a dress.' 'A messenger was instantly despatched for the dress, and shortly made his appearance with a bundle.' 'Ah! here's my crook-leg, my back---Now is the winter,'---you are making me too crooked behind; 'Made glorious summer by this son of York.' 'Beautiful! bravo! you'll play it finely, I know you will.' 'Unless that madman leaves the room, I will not dress.' 'Well, my dear sir, I'm going, but you'll play it well, you will indeed.' 'Shut the door, is he gone; now let's see---ah! there's my Garter---there's my George---where's my---oh! merciful powers, where's my wig! he has forgot my wig.' The Manager rushed in and caught him round the neck, saying, 'play the first act without a wig.'

I cannot resist my inclination to tell you a little anecdote, that occurred to me, on a visit to Paris, some time since. A friend of mine requested me to bring her a Queen's metal tea-pot, an article that could not be procured, on that side the water, for 'love or money.' I purchased one, however; took my place in the Mail, from the Angel Inn, and arrived at Dover; old Wright said, at seeing it---sir, you will never be able to get that over, it's prohibited; and old Wright was seldom *wrong*; however, a thought struck me, which I determined to put in prac-

tice. Upon going on board the Packet, a Frenchman, who had come in the Mail with me from London, and who was taking notes every five minutes, stared at me with astonishment. Arrived at Calais, I debarked, tea-pot in hand. 'Messieur, it is impossible you to land that tea-pot.' 'Sir, I'm very ill, if you take this from me, you kill me.' 'Ah! Messieur, I am sorry, but I must take your tea of de pot.' 'Ah! Monsieur, if you take this from me, you take my life, it is my antidote, my arsnic, my hellabore.' 'Ah! pauvre man, I dare say you eat it, you are very much ill-looking man; I believe you, I'tink you live upon de poison, I pity you very mosh; you shall go, Monsieur, and drink your hell-of-a-bore.' So I got clear off with my pot, and conveyed it safe to my friend at Paris, who, I make no doubt, has it safe this day.

Whilst in Paris I was much amused; about a week afterwards, on going into a Coffee-house, by a Frenchman, who the moment he saw me, jumt up, catching me by the hand, exclaimed, 'Ah! mon dieu, how glad I have found you, mon ami, my dear friend, how much happy I am to see you again.' 'Indeed, sir, you do me honour, but I don't recollect you.'—'Ah! a! you don't recollect, ha! you have been at Calais?' 'Yes, sir, several times.' 'Ah! ha! several times; oh! mon dieu, what *Calumels* I have suffered upon your account; you shall recollect me; you travel with tea-pot, eh! Monsieur.' I now recollected my companion in the Mail and in the Packet. 'When I travel widg you, I was taking note, for make a book, and I put down Englishman so very fond of tea, he always travel widg tea-pot in his hand, and nobody believe me.'

A few days after this, as Fact and myself were walking down the Strand, and under his arm a rich silk umbrella, which I believe he purchased for Mr. Damper, as it did not rain, I saw come out of the Chelsea Stage, which had just stopped, that *careful* actor, on and off the stage, the original Crack, the

only Old Dornton ; there he was, with his old cotten umbrella, which I again beheld for the hundredth time : the moment I saw him, I said to Fact, ' there he is, don't you know him ? ' ' Why, bless my soul, yes ; how I am disappointed, I never saw him out of his blue and silver. ' ' Yes, (said I) but he has quitted the stage. ' ' Yes, I know it, I saw him get out and pay the fare.—How do you do, sir, (said Fact, addressing the veteran) as you have quitted the stage, I should like to have some token, some small article as a remembrance of you, as a kind of memento. ' The eccentric comedian, with that expressive roll of the eye, which is so peculiar to himself, seeing Fact's umbrella, immediately struck the balance between silk and cotton, and replied, ' Well, sir, suppose we exchange umbrellas. '

Being once in company with several of our first actors, some of whom spoke in degradation of imitation, I ventured to say that every actor was more or less an imitator, and their best study was nature.—The conversation then took the following turn :—A gentleman, a public character, spoke to me as follows : (*Imitating* YOUNG) ' I say, my dear fellow, I think your imitation of me is good, very good ; amazingly like at times, but you fall into an error ; you represent me as having a lisp, now I have no lisp, have I, Charles ? ' (*Imitating* MACREADY) ' I have no objection to your imitating me, I think it is tolerably good ; but you always depict me as a mannerist ; now, if there is any thing I despise more than one thing else, it is mannerism—Oh ! I detest it. '

THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

The Theatrical Fund, is the Fund for me,
 Where all brother Actors are meeting ;
 I'm at home with my friends, when I'm there d'ye see,
 I am fond, yes, I'm fond of good eating.
 The bottles and glasses we too push about,
 Good Burgundy, Champaigne, and Claret ;

We drain, yes, we drain the bottles clean out,
 'Till the spirit mounts up in our garret.

Theatrical Fund—Theatrical Fund Dinner? Turn to the right? Waiter! take my hat and coat, and mind and keep them distinct from the chairman. I say, sir, do you know who that was? No, sir. Who is that? Claremont. Well, there is some people one longs to see—Who is that, sir? Jones. That? Blanchard. That? Yates. Who's that, sir? That's the Anaconda, sir. Dear me, I heard it was drowned, Ah! in the Serpentine of course; never mind, sir. Claremont can play it next season. Why, sir. Because he is so very great in *Snake*. Well, I have looked into two hundred and two plates, and can't see my name. Have you looked into the tureens? No, sir, I'd advise you to go round again. I beg your pardon, sir, but I'm a country gentleman, from the other side of *Harford*; I'd thank you to point me out King Lear. I will, sir, the moment he enters the room, depend upon it. Hang those clarionets, they almost stun one. Yes, sir, they are the loudest we could get, we've tried all London for'em. Indeed! pray what are they playing now. Sweet Isabell, sir. Sweet as-a-bell! I'm sure it's enough to crack one's ears—Pray, sir, who is that fat happy looking man. He, sir. Who is that dismal, melancholy looking man. He's a composer, sir, his name is Jolly. It's half past seven, I wish the chairman would come; I read peremptory in the 'Herald'—he was sure to come—I'm very hungry—I've eat all my bread. Yes, sir, and the greatest part of mine. The chairman! chairman! strike up. Those clarionets again. Pray, sir, is this what you call a Shakspeare Jubilee. No, sir, it's a mere charity. Oh! and I suppose those gentlemen with white wands, have been beating the bounds. Now then—get your plates ready—here's the soup—the moment the chairman is down, I'll help you—now then, is he down? No, not yet—now—now he's down—here, sir, soup—take some of those

balls—I beg your pardon, stop a minute—I will thank you to let me get my elbows in, then I can eat to—

At the real Theatrical Func, sir,

The song it goes round, and round d'ye see,

"Till our patrons, o'erjoyed with pleasure ;

Drink a health to the sons of true harmony,

In a full, in an o'erflowing measure.

Mr. Broadhurst joins Mr. Pyne in a glee,

Mr. Fawcett in black, Duruset in blue ;

That's Taylor there, if clear I can see,

And Sinclair the next but two.

Quite delighted to see all Shakspeare's children collected together in black silk stockings and small clothes ; there's not a branch of the Theatrical Tree wanting. Yes, sir, every stick of an Actor is here. Silence ! for a toast from the chair. The King, with three ; hip, hip, hip, huzza—Now for a song—now you'll hear Broadhurst sing God save the King for the first time. What ! did he never sing it before.—Waiter ! ask that gentleman to take wine with me. This, sir ? No. This ? No—Yes, (*bows, etc.*)—There's the ladies, bless'em, up in the gallery—elevated above us. Never mind, we shall be elevated enough after dinner. There, that's Dignum. Indeed ! what is he doing. Doing—what he always is doing—singing 'Sally in our Alley' to his own White Waistcoat. Here they come for the subscriptions. Well, I don't care, I'm ready. Will you allow me, sir, to put you down for—Yes, sir, a guinea. What name, sir ? D., plain D., sir, no pomp. Will you allow me—Yes, sir, I have no objection to decorous hilarity. What name, sir ? Give me the pencil, I'll set it down myself. What on earth has he written. I'll read it you : one who has no objection to go to a play that has been in the hands of the Licensor, but would die in defence of a Jumper, 10s. 6d. Pray, sir, is this what you call a full meeting ? Yes, sir, I should think so, if you had seen them eat—

At the real Theatrical Fund, sir.

What a pleasure it is to be seated with those,
 Who applaud you for eating and drinking ;
 At least I think so, and every one knows,
 There can be no harm in thinking.
 When the tables are spread, for dinner, you see
 Good humour in faces abound ;
 The Actor he smiles, and he shows by his glee,
 That his heart is now jocund.

Silence ! for a speech from Mr. Fawcett—What is that Fawcett ? well, I always thought he wore a red waistcoat. A red waistcoat ? Yes, I saw him once play *Thornbury*, and he made a great piece o'work about his waistcoat. Silence ! for Fawcett. Waiters ! leave the room. Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen ! Before the Ark, plays were by no means common ; in the *dark* ages there were no stage *lights* ; in Oliver Cromwell's time the soldiers were actors to a man ; Serjeant Higgins was great in Corporal Foss ; at the time of the Reformation, the scene began to mend, and I have the honour to announce a donation of fifty pounds from General Smallshot, and to propose the health of the proprietors. Very well, bravo, Fawcett. I rise, gents., to propose the health of the stewards, who have so handsomely provided for us on this occasion. Hip, hip, hip, hurra. Sir, the next time you hip, hip, I'd thank you to do it with an empty glass ; look at my white waistcoat, all over Port Wine, like a ship at a christening. Who's to return thanks for the stewards ? Dignum must. No I can't, I'm one of the musical brethren, you know.—Mathews must. Me, no I can't do it. Yes you must. Well, if I must, gents., unused as I am to public speaking—Ha, ha, come, that will do, Charles—you must take the will for the deed, and all I can say is, that my heart is as full as my glass, both bumpers, with which I'll do myself the honour of drinking the health of the present company. Well, if I had been called upon to return thanks, I should merely say, I'm glad to see you all, God bless you. (*Imitation's*

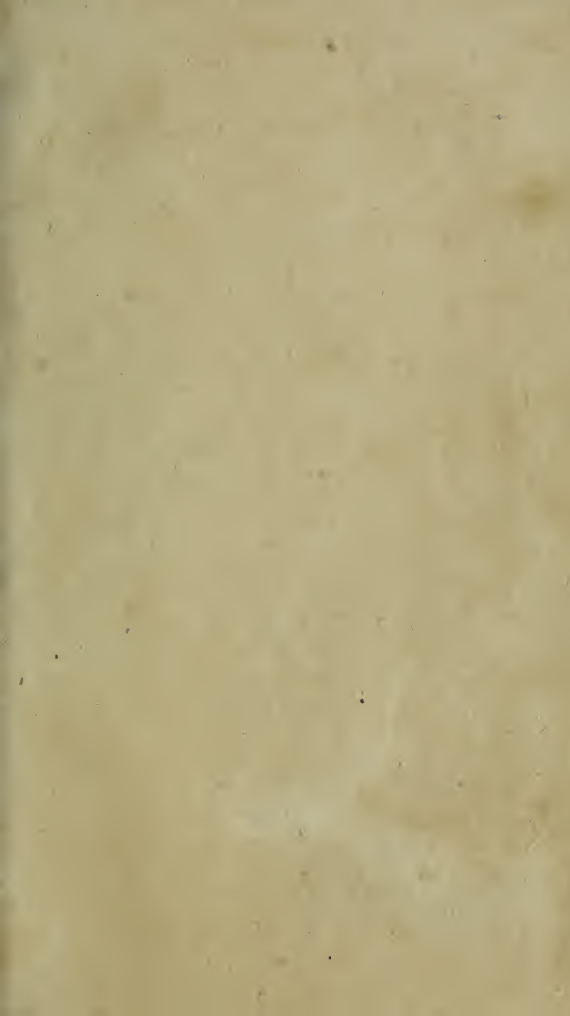
of Blanchard, Young, Macready, Braham, and Munden.) I say it is rather late, Lady Pattypan's gone, she always goes out the moment Mathews has sung. What, sir, *has* Mathews sung? Yes, he sung when you went out to make interest for another bottle of Claret. Psha! I've missed it again, came on purpose to hear him sing; it happened the same to me last year, I never am to hear him sing; I leave England to-morrow. Well, I have been quite delighted—seen Chapman without his spectacles, and Claremont without a wig—I'll come again next year.—Waiter, my accoutrements, No. 38—a hat, a great coat, a pair of Goloshes, and a riding whip. *Why*, that gentleman ought to have his luggage weighed.

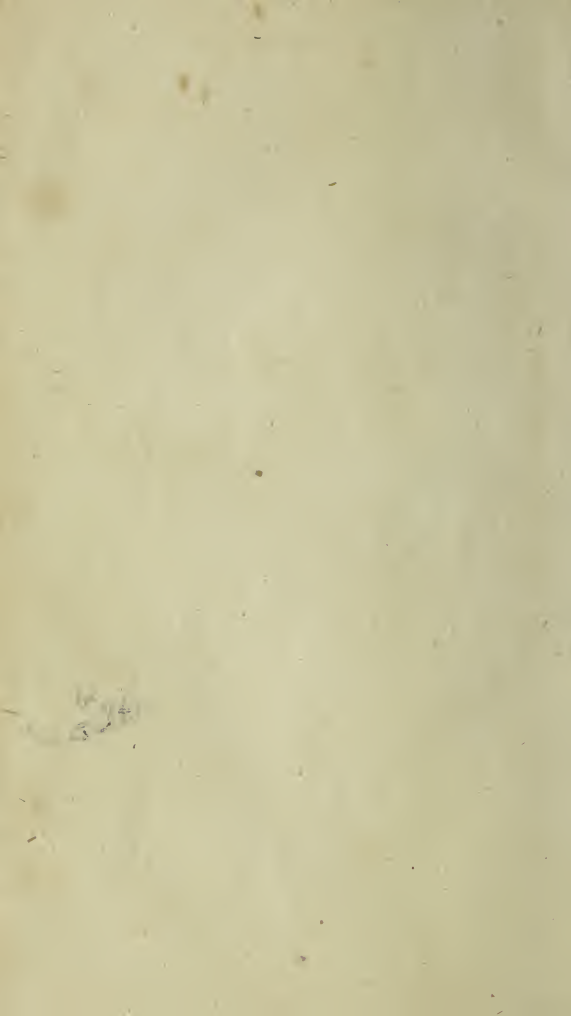
Such are my etchings—such my reminiscences—upon telling my friends that *I* intended to bring them before you, Mr. Damper said he had his apprehensions; Mrs. Pry said she *had* heard of me, nothing more, eh?—the Adelphi—reduced to one actor—Terry and Yates have sold off the rest, eh? Mr. Fact said, what! sold off the actors, *I* never heard of that before. Mr. Sanguine was sanguine indeed, he encouraged me—to be sure, my boy, never give up—see it all—one on the stage, many before it—see it all—must answer—never give up. Nor will *I* ever give up, while encouraged by you; for let me hope you will receive in good nature, what was etched in good nature—and, rely upon it, while honoured with your approbation, my study will be to render my etchings, finished engravings in your good opinion.—[*Curtain falls.*]

FINIS.









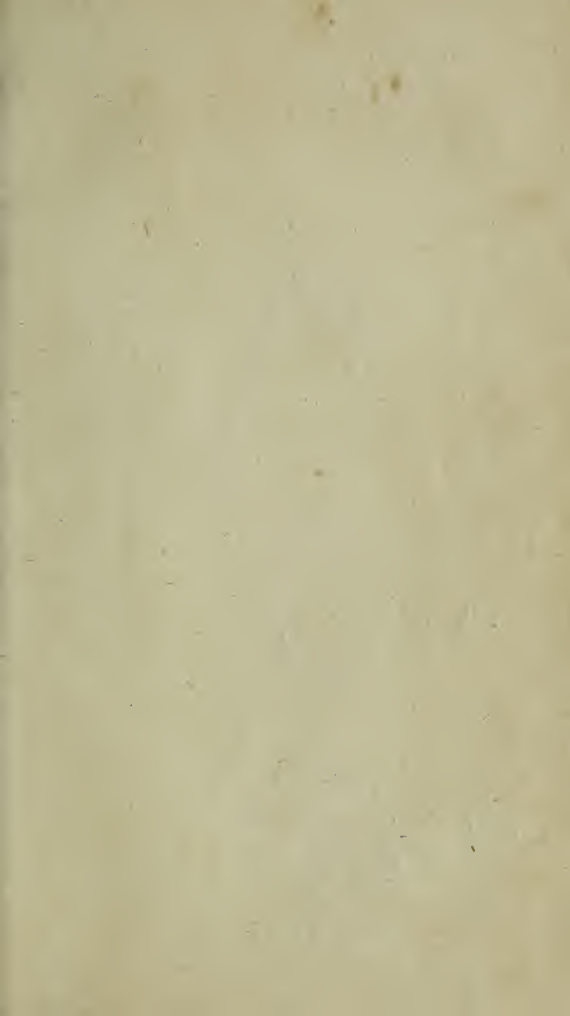




Fig. 1

